

# CHINA



# MAIL

No. 36769

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1957.

Price 30 Cents

RELAX IN  
**DAKS**  
THE FAMOUS COMFORT  
IN ACTION TROUSERS  
**Whiteaways**  
HONGKONG & KOWLOON

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### Wise Investment

THE continued buoyancy experienced by the Colony's cotton mills is heartening news. By far the biggest single item of our exports are textile yarn, fabrics and made-up articles. Last year the value of these exceeded \$834 million which represented an increase of about \$227 million on the previous year; and as a cotton authority pointed out in yesterday's China Mail in the earlier part of last year the industry was "driven to find orders."

The pick-up in activity came with the announcement of a new American sales policy and most of the Colony's mills have enjoyed sustained business since then. In the first four months of this year the value of exports of textile yarn, fabrics and made-up articles is slightly lower than in the corresponding period in 1956—\$276 million against \$321 million—but later months should see the gap narrowed and last year's figure exceeded if business activity continues at its present level.

But optimism must be tempered by sobering disclosures—not by any means new—that other countries anxious to foster young industries are erecting barriers against cheap imports. The South African Finance Minister Mr. Naude makes no secret of the fact that only international agreements prevent that country from raising duties on Hongkong-made goods but in the case of raincoats he appears to have found a way around this difficulty.

Raincoats are not a big export item—but the danger signs should be apparent. In addition to the trend toward higher tariff barriers, foreign exchange difficulties experienced overseas as a result in further obstacles to the Hongkong exporter. Increasing population creates its own demand but it would be unwise of manufacturers to accept this as security for the future. "Be prepared" should be their motto.

There is the danger that a temporary boom will lead men with much money but little foresight to jump on the bandwagon of a thriving industry. Indiscriminate expansion is, however, dangerous and obviously investment in existing concerns for plant improvement would pay investors—and the Colony—higher dividends. Lower costs and higher quality should be the aim of Hongkong's cotton industry.

# ANOTHER BRITISH COLONY GETTING SELF-GOVERNMENT

## Eastern & Western Nigeria Accord

London, June 14.

Britain today agreed formally to grant self-government this year to Eastern and Western Nigeria, two of the three regions of the Federation of Nigeria, Britain's biggest colony.

## Former PoW Expected Here Today

Andrew Fortuna, a former American PoW in Korea, is expected to cross the border from Canton today or tomorrow to return to the United States.

Formerly a corporal of the US 1st Cavalry Division, Fortuna was captured during the Korean fighting and at the end of hostilities he elected to remain in China.

Subsequently, however, he changed his mind and asked to be repatriated to the United States.

Aged 31, Fortuna was made a PoW on November 25, 1951. Apart from this far East campaign, he saw service in the European theatre of operations in World War II having enlisted in the United States Army in 1944, shortly after his 18th birthday.

While fighting in the Korean front, he gained the Bronze Star in January, 1951, and the Oak Leaf Cluster in May—the same year for bravery.

## Infiltrator Killed

Gaza, June 14. A United Nations patrol today shot and killed an unidentified khaki-clad Arab as he tried to cross the demarcation line into Israel north of Gaza.

A United Nations Emergency Force communiqué said that the patrol, comprising Danish and Norwegian soldiers, fired when the man, instead of halting at its command, prepared to throw a hand grenade. The Belgian news agency's correspondent reported. —France-Press.

This decision was announced in a communiqué after today's twelfth plenary session of the Nigeria Constitutional Conference here.

It said the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alan Lumsden-Boyd, had formally told the conference that steps to implement a British government undertaking on regional self-government, given in 1953, "would be taken forthwith in respect of the Eastern and Western regions of Nigeria."

### EXCEPTIONAL

In a statement on Government policy on Nigeria last January, the Colonial Secretary said he had proposed that as an exceptional measure and subject to some safeguards for the Nigerian Federation as a whole, "steps should be taken to give effect by a date not later than one month from the conclusion of the forthcoming conference, to all arrangements for the introduction of regional self-government which may be finally agreed at the conference."

The Eastern region premier, Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe and the Western region premier, Chief Oluwole Awolowo, made immediate regional self-government a specific demand at the conference which began here on May 23.

The Northern region, the Federation's largest with a predominantly Moslem population, did not seek immediate self-government but joined with the East and West in urging all-Nigeria independence in 1959. —Reuters.

## DEATH OF MR W. A. GRINHAM General Manager Of S. C. M. Post Ltd

It is with deep regret we have to record the death this morning of Mr William Alcock Grinham, General Manager of the South China Morning Post, Ltd., which occurred at St Paul's Hospital after a long illness, borne with patience and fortitude.

Mr Grinham died a few days before his 48th birthday. He was afflicted with serious ill health shortly after returning from leave last autumn. He joined the South China Morning Post, Ltd., in March 1948, as Secretary of the Company. Upon the retirement in March, 1956, of the late Mr F. P. Franklin, who was then Managing Director, Mr Grinham was appointed General Manager.

Mr Grinham, a man of many outstanding qualities, took a lively interest in the activities of the Morning Post Staff Club and the Morning Post Sports Association, and always had the welfare of his staff at heart. He particularly identified himself with the annual Boxing Day outing of the Chinese staff to Cheung Chau and was responsible for organising the event during the past four years.



He was patron of the Morning Post Staff Club.

Mr Grinham also did a considerable amount of quiet, unostentatious work on behalf of social and charitable organizations. He was prominently associated with the Society for the Protection of Children, and up to the time of his death was joint Hon. Treasurer.

Mr Grinham was a founder member of the Newspaper Society of Hongkong and its first Hon. Secretary. As a young man Mr Grinham was a proficient amateur boxer, and when he first came to Hongkong shortly after Liberation he frequently acted as referee at Services boxing tournaments "in the China Fleet Club."

Mr Grinham was a great lover of music and himself a talented organist. Before

coming to Hongkong he was organist of All Saints Church, Compton Greenfield, near Bristol, and also at St George's Church, Clifton.

He was a member of the Hongkong Club, the Hongkong Jockey Club, the Hongkong Football Club, the Sports Club and the Y's Men Club.

He was also a Freemason, being a member of St Stephen Lodge, 3145, Bristol Province. Born in Bristol, Gloucestershire, Mr Grinham was educated at Bristol Cathedral School.

He joined the family business of W. Grinham & Sons, printers and stationers, of Bristol. The premises were destroyed by German bombs during World War II. He always had a love of the sea and joined the permanent Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve (Bristol Division) in 1928. He was mobilised when the European war broke out in 1939 and served throughout World War II with distinction. He commanded H. M. Ships Newport, Rochester and Nith. His ship was attached to the British Pacific Fleet in 1945 and he came to Hongkong at the end of that year.

Mr Grinham finished his war service with the rank of Lieutenant-Commander.

Mr Grinham was himself bereaved on Friday when his mother passed peacefully away at her home in Bristol. He leaves three sisters to mourn their double loss. The funeral will be held tomorrow at St John's Cathedral at 4.30 p.m. The cortege will pass the Monument at 5 p.m.

## MYSTERY CLEARS A LITTLE

Melbourne, June 14.

A diary found on a South Pacific atoll by Royal engineers preparing for Britain's recent nuclear tests was identified here today as belonging to a 19th century phosphate mine manager named Abraham McCullough.

Reports of the find spoke of the diarist as a "voluntary Robinson Crusoe" but his daughter, Mrs Anne Horn, 79, said here today her father led a far from Robinson Crusoe-like existence on Malden Island.

She said her father died on the island, which is 400 miles south of Christmas Island, centre of Britain's H-bomb tests.

"My mother, three brothers and I spent long periods on the island," Mrs Horn said. "I was very young then—in fact I was the first white baby girl seen by the native workers there. The last time I saw the island was when I was seven years old."

In Sydney, Mr Kenneth McCullough, a grandson of the diarist, said his grandfather came to Australia about 1880 from Northern Ireland and then went to Malden Island to mine phosphates for a Melbourne firm—China Mail Special.

## Inland Sea For Sahara?

Paris, June 14.

The revival of a 19th century plan to create an inland sea in the Sahara region in a 5,000 square mile depression in Algeria and Tunisia was announced today with the creation of a new study organization known as "Artemis."

The organization, whose initials in French stand for Association for Technical Research for the Study of an Inland Sahara Sea, is planning the building of a maritime canal 30 miles long to connect the Gulf of Gabes on the Mediterranean with the Chott Djerid, which is below sea level.

In this manner the entire network of Chotts (Brackish inland lakes) could be inundated as far as southern Algeria. The plan was first studied in 1877 by an associate of Ferdinand de Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal. —France-Press.

## RECORD PRICE FOR GAUGUIN PAINTING

Paris, June 14.

A 1901 painting by French artist Paul Gauguin, a still life of apples, was sold for 104 million francs (£210,000 sterling) at a auction here today to Mr Basil Peter Goulandris, a Greek New York shipowner. The sale, crowded with art dealers and collectors from the United States and all over

## QUICK PACT TO HALT A-TESTS?

Washington, June 13.

The United States is considering the possibility of working out a quick agreement with Russia that would halt all atomic weapons tests for a year or so on a trial basis.

While raising some questions, officials did not reject the ban on nuclear tests proposed by Russia today at the London disarmament talks. Messou suggested that observers be placed in both Russia and the United States to ensure enforcement. — United Press.

## Freight Surcharge Dropped

London, June 14.

The Port Sudan, United Kingdom and continental freight conference announced today the withdrawal of a five per cent net surcharge which has recently applied to basic rates of freight from British, Scandinavian and North Continental ports.

The change affects all cargo, whether already on board or not, by all vessels loading at Port Sudan from today. The lines represented at the conference retain the right to reintroduce a surcharge in the event of any unfavourable developments affecting the Suez route. —Reuters.

## St. Laurent To Resign Next Week?

Ottawa, June 14.

The Canadian Prime Minister, M. Louis St. Laurent said today his Cabinet would remain in office until Monday or Tuesday. It was learned on high authority that the Cabinet would then resign at a time convenient to Conservative leader John Diefenbaker. — United Press.

## GREEKS CHARGE: 'SHUDDERING' CYPRUS TORTURE

Athens, June 14. The Greek Government tonight accused the British authorities in Cyprus of using "methods of torture altogether shuddering."

In a communiqué the Foreign Ministry denied accusations contained in a Cyprus Government white paper and in a statement by the Governor, Sir John Harding, claiming Greek torture charges were "an organized defamation conspiracy."

The communiqué added that the Greek Government was "in possession of handwritten and signed accusations of victims which it reserves the right to present wherever it deems fit."

### 'THEY CONTINUE'

The communiqué said the Greek Government was compelled to reiterate the charges "in view of the fact that it is challenged and that, despite the United Nations resolution and the Eoka truce, such tortures

continue being perpetrated in Cyprus." The communiqué added: "The Greek Foreign Ministry draws attention to the fact that Greece has always demanded that the case be investigated on the spot by a neutral international commission." — Reuters.

## Townsend In Canada

Vancouver, June 14.

Group Capt. Peter Townsend arrived last night aboard the Orient liner Orsova from Honolulu on his trip around the world. He declined to answer reporters' questions and fellow passengers said they had hardly seen him during the voyage. — United Press.

## 9-Year-Old's Motorbike Exploit

Paris, June 14.

Daniel Leskovic, nine-year-old French boy, today won the plaudits of a throng of tourists by riding down the 50 steps of the grand staircase of the famous Basilica of the Sacre Coeur atop Montmartre on a motorbike. Leskovic thus duplicated the feat of an older man, Pierre Labric, now Mayor of Montmartre, performed in 1922 on a bicycle.

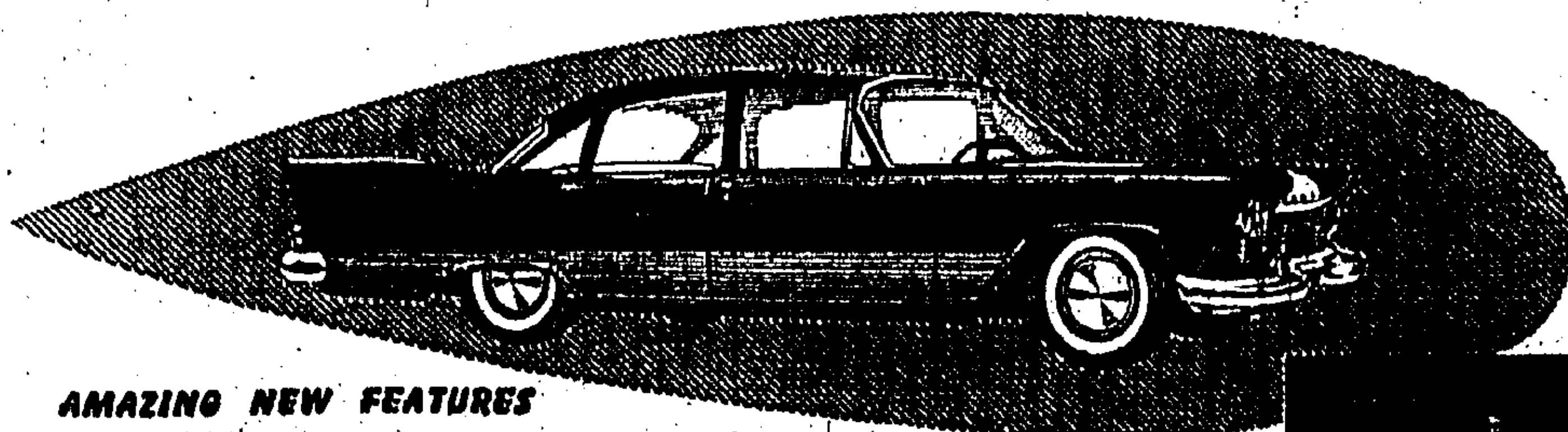
Daniel said he had been riding a motorbike since he was five years old. It is especially built to his small size, and he knows how to repair and maintain it. Daniel said he realised he had set no speed records in performing the exploit, but added to reporters: "I hope to do better next time." — France-Press.

## Farouk Ring Sold

Cairo, June 14.

An Egyptian industrialist today paid £1,790 for a ring with a diamond the size of a thumbnail, set in platinum and once owned by King Farouk. — United Press.

## See the New '57 PLYMOUTH



AMAZING NEW FEATURES

\* NEW TORSION AIR SUSPENSION \* PUSH BUTTON DRIVING

On display at

GILMAN MOTORS

City Showrooms—Pedder St., H.K., Tel. 49214, 31146

Kowloon Showrooms—122 Nathan Road, Tel. 64246

## Light dim? Fuses blow frequently? Appliances slow heating up?

Then may we suggest that the fault is perhaps in your wiring? We would also like to suggest that to ensure a complete absence of such faults we be allowed to do your next wiring installation!



Save yourself a headache

LET

BE YOUR GUARANTEE

THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.

2, Queen's Road

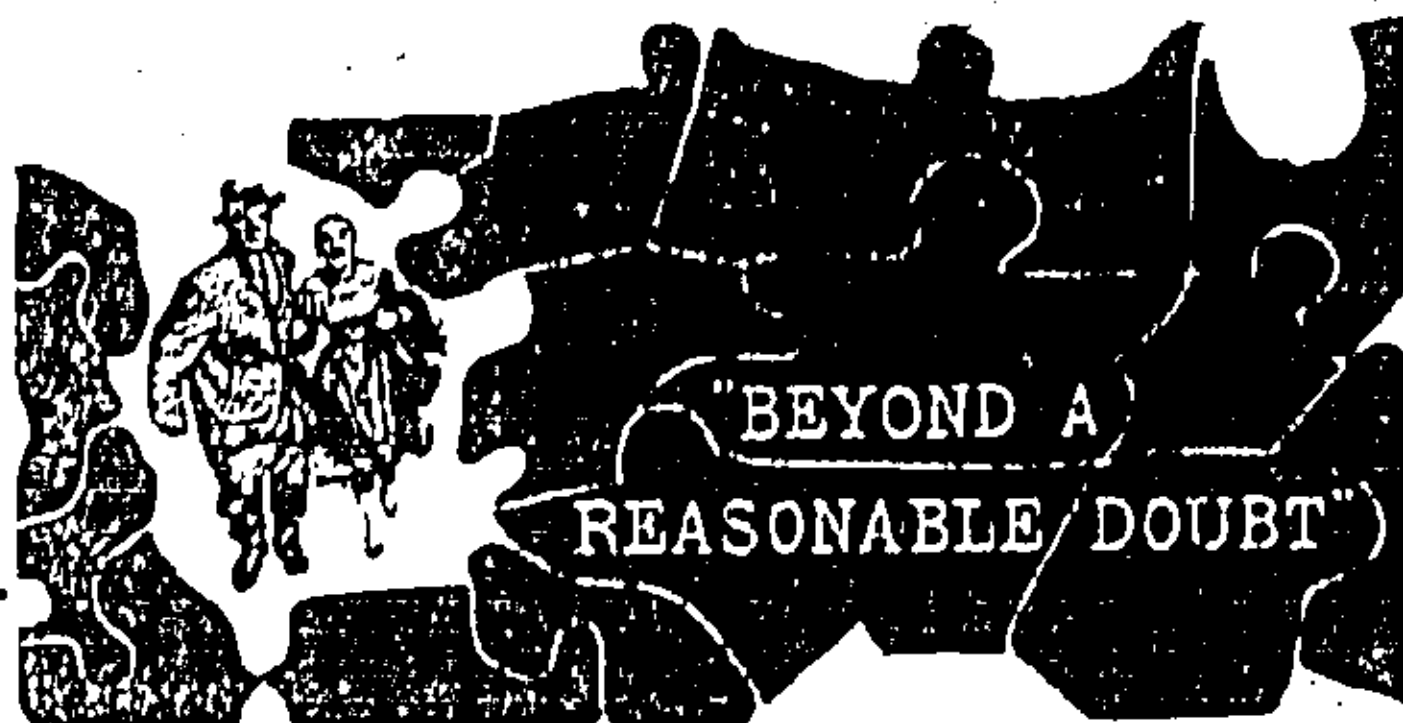
G.E.C.



**KING'S PRINCESS**

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 &amp; 9.30 p.m. || At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m.

Put them all together  
they spell M-U-R-D-E-R

DANA ANDREWS · JOAN FONTAINE

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.00 A.M.

KING'S

PRINCESS

M-G-M presents

20th Century-Fox presents

ALL TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Reduced Admission — \$1.00 &amp; \$1.50

**PRINCESS**

TO-MORROW

AT 12.10 P.M.

PRIZE WINNER AT CANNES FESTIVAL

"DO BIGHA ZAMIN"

(Two Acres of Land)

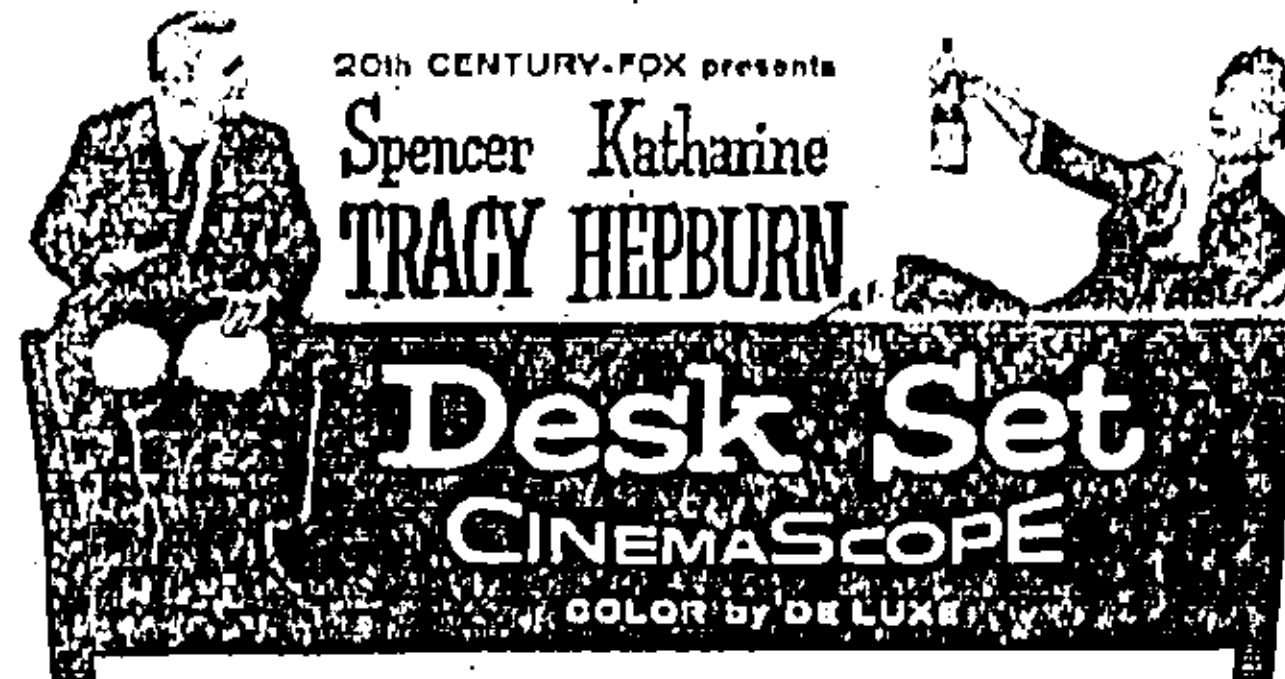
Starring Nirupa Roy, Balraj Sahani & Rafan Kumar  
An Indian Picture with English Sub-titles  
The Film has a wonderful Beauty and Simplicity!

BOOK EARLY!

**ROXY & BROADWAY**

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

Meet the girls and guys who make the office  
such a wonderful place to love in!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon  
Tony Curtis in  
"BEACHHEAD"  
Color by Technicolor  
Released thru  
United Artists

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.  
FOX TECHNICOLOR  
CARTOONS

BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.  
In CinemaScope & Color  
Betty Davis in  
"THE SEVEN QUEEN"

At Reduced Prices

**STAR THEATRE METROPOLE**FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

STAR: At 11.00 a.m.  
Walt Disney's  
Feature-Length  
Technicolor Cartoon  
"PINOCCHIO"

METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.  
RKO Radio  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

STAR: At 12.30 p.m.  
Silvana Mangano in  
"ULYSSES"  
Color by Technicolor

METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.  
In CinemaScope & Color  
Marilyn Monroe in  
"THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH"

At Reduced Prices

★ OPENS TO-MORROW. ★



BOOK EARLY!

**FILMS**Current & Coming  
BY JANE ROBERTS**The Hunchback of Notre Dame**

I never cease to marvel at the magnificence of the Lollobrigida figure and I know that many males share my admiration.

She doesn't have to do much more than exhibit it to its fullest advantage in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" but who's complaining?

In addition, there's the contrast afforded by the deformed and half mad hunchback, played by Anthony Quinn and a further complication in the shape of an outwardly monkish but inwardly lecherous alchemist and a Hollywoodian hero—the captain of the guard.

With so many films being taken from tried and tested best sellers and novels that have already found favour with the public, it is easy to fall into the trap of condemning a picture because it bears no resemblance to the original story from which it was taken.

A picture should stand or fall on its own merits, however, and the ultimate test should be whether it is good cinema—or if the phrase offends you, whether it makes you forget that you've been sitting down watching an hour or so when you've so many other things that should have been done.

**Serappy Direction**

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" because of its story is an absorbing picture, but the talents of both Anthony Quinn and Gina Lollobrigida are wasted in it. Quinn, a fine actor, has concentrated too much on the physical disability and appearance of Quasimodo than on the mental torture that Victor Hugo's hero-villain suffered when the object of his adoration gave him pity in return for his worship and received her passion for the pretty soldier.

Some of the disturbance caused by the gypsy is reflected in the acting of the scholar and



Katherine Hepburn is the executive type in "Desk Set".



Esmeralda admires the strength of Quasimodo in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame". Gina Lollobrigida is the gypsy and Anthony Quinn the dwarf, with the Cathedral as the background.

**New Films At A Glance****SHOWING**

**HOOVER AND LIBERTY:** "Ten Thousand Bedrooms": A millionaire hotel proprietor has difficulty in choosing a wife from among a family of four lovely, Dean Martin, Eva Bartok, Paul Henreid, Dewey Martin.

**KING'S and PRINCESS:** "Beyond A Reasonable Doubt": Dana Andrews makes a routine plea of himself by planting clues to suggest that he is a murderer. With Joan Fontaine and Sidney Blackmer.

**METROPOLE and STAR:** "The Big Knife": The Clifford Odets story about the insincerity of Hollywood, Jack Palance, Shelley Long, Ida Lupino, Rod Taylor.

**QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:** "The Hunchback of Notre Dame": A new version of the old tale by Victor Hugo, Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony Quinn.

**ROXY and BROADWAY:** "Desk Set": What happens when the boss introduces a robot machine into his office. Katherine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Gig Young, Joan Blondell.

**COMING**

**HOOVER AND LIBERTY:** "Hot Summer Night": A newspaper man honey-moons in the Ozarks and runs into a heap of trouble. Leslie Nielsen, Colleen Miller, James Best.

**KING'S and PRINCESS:** "Christopher Columbus": A re-telling of the Frederic March picture.

**METROPOLE and STAR:** "Frontier Scout": A western, Tony Martin, Peggie Castle.

**QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:** "The Private Place": A general's infatuation causes him to give away military secrets. Kirk Douglas, Susan Hayward.

**ROXY and BROADWAY:** "The Magnificent Seven": Mostly about bullfighting. Anthony Quinn, Maureen O'Hara.

of all the characters in the film it is he for whom it is the easiest to feel sorry. The fight between the good and evil in himself is almost tangible at times and it was clever of the director to have chosen an actor whose serene face could be tracked so well with the inner conflict he was able to indicate at the same time.

The direction as a whole though was serappy and although the CinemaScope treatment hides a multitude of sins, I found myself pining for a background of more than a few feet of street and the frontage of a house. And in the carnival scene early on in the picture the amateurish dialogue and sparse crowd could very easily have given place to veracious but indistinct crowd noises plus an enormous melody of extra whose pay would probably not have amounted to more than the cost of two lunches for the director.

**Martin Lost****Ten Thousand Bedrooms:**

It seems strange to see Dean Martin without Jerry Lewis and in spite of being as debonair as ever he appears slightly lost.

It's as though he needs the clowning of Lewis to act as a background for his smoother charm and even four pretty girls pursuing him fail to make him appear the all conquering male.

In this picture he is a millionaire hotel proprietor who goes to Italy to add another building to his chain of hotels. The Martin family complicate matters for him however. He falls in love with the youngest daughter of the family, but cannot marry her until her three older sisters find husbands. Most of the picture is taken up with his efforts to get the three girls married off to his friends and the plot gets a bit long drawn out after it has become obvious who is going to marry each daughter.

The four pretty daughters are Anna Maria Albergheiti, Eva Bartok, Lisa Gaye and Lisa Monelli with Walter Slezak as their bewildered father. Paul Henreid who seems to be getting a little old for romantic roles, is cast as an impoverished sculptor in love with Eva Bartok.

ment is wrong and that the death sentence allows for the possibility of a miscarriage of justice.

Dana Andrews goes through the film with a grim face and a look of determined righteousness. In order to prove his point—the fact that convictions on circumstantial evidence are wrong, he plants false but incriminating evidence leading to his conviction as a murderer.

The plan goes awry here, as the only other person who knows that he is innocent suddenly dies and the hero faces the threat of execution.

It's a neat plot and Joan Fontaine looks as lovely as ever as the girl friend, but it would make the picture more entertaining if Dana Andrews would relax a bit and smile occasionally.

Barbara Nichols is a strip tease artist and shows off her charms with a lack of inhibition that makes Joan Fontaine appear frosty by comparison.

**New Role For More**

Kenneth More is to star in Pinewood's A Night To Remember, film version of Walter Lord's best selling book of the Titanic disaster.

More will play C.H. Lightoller who was Second Officer in the Titanic, and the man in charge of lifeboats on the port side on the night in 1912 that the giant liner struck an iceberg and sank in mid-Atlantic.

Erie Ambler has written the script from Lord's book, and the film will be produced by William Macquitty and directed by Roy Baker. Production will start in October.

Lightoller died three years ago with the rank of Commander. He sailed a small boat across the Channel at the evacuation of Dunkirk and took 100 men off the benches.

**EMPIRE**— FINAL TO-DAY —  
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

LAURENCE JENNIFER  
Olivier-Jones  
"WILLIAM WYLER'S  
PRODUCTION OF  
**Carrie**

MIRIAM HOPKINS · EDDIE ALBERT  
Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER  
Screenplay by RUTH AND AUGUSTUS COTTE  
From the American Classic  
SISTER CARRIE, by THEODORE DREISER  
A Paramount Picture

— TO-MORROW —  
"AIDA"  
In Glorious Color  
Starring  
Sophia LOREN · LEO MAXWELL

**HOOVER · LIBERTY**

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 71871 KOWLOON TEL. 6048, 60248

**GRAND OPENING**

TO-DAY: AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 &amp; 9.40 P.M.



5 SHOWS ON SUNDAY  
AT 12.00 NOON, 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

**QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA**

SHOWING TO-DAY

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

BOOK EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT



ADDED: LATEST GAUMONT-BRITISH NEWS!  
FIRST PICTURES OF BRITAIN'S H-BOMB TEST  
THE 1957 DERBY AT EPSOM ON 5th JUNE

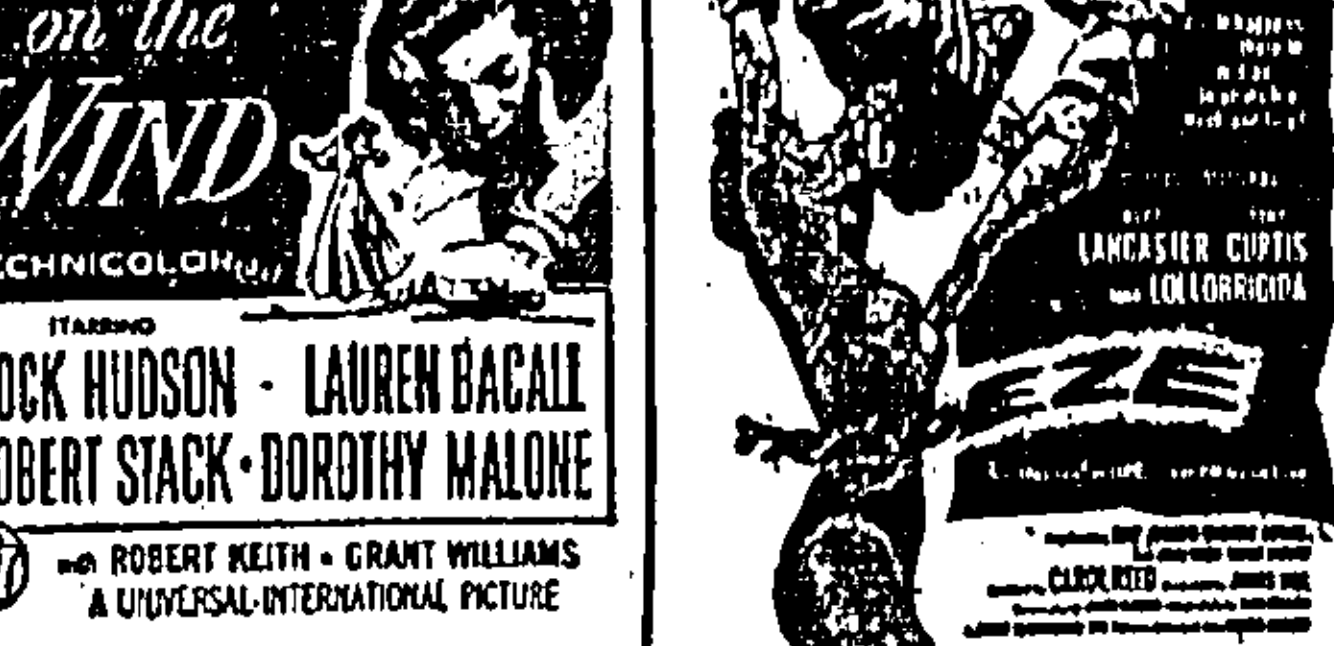
**CAPITOL RITZ**

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

NOW SHOWING

THE 23rd DAY!

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m.



To-Morrow Morning Show  
At 12.30 p.m.  
Dangerous Safari  
"ZANZABURU"  
In Technicolor

Next Change —

"THE SCARLET HOUR"

**ORIENTAL MAJESTIC**

TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

THE PICTURE THAT'S

ASTOUNDING THE WORLD!



Morning Show To-Morrow 12.30  
"PRISONER OF ZENDA"  
M-G-M's Action Film

Princess Theatre Bldg., Nathan Road, Kowloon

Tel. 64505, 63274

**Princess Garden**

FINEST PEKING CUISINE

CHOICE WINES

Tip-Top Floor Shows Nightly Featuring

LARRY ALLEN—The Clown Prince

of the West

AT 12 MIDNIGHT &amp; 1.15 A.M.

MUSIC BY RIC BELTRAN &amp; HIS COMBO

SONGS BY GRACE

NO COVER CHARGE

Princess Theatre Bldg., Nathan Road, Kowloon

Tel. 64505, 63274

NEW

Laser Plus LIQUID

Laser Plus LIQUID

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Laser Plus LIQUID

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Laser Plus LIQUID



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Now People Who Were Certified Tell Their Own Stories

## MENTAL PATIENT RAN BUSINESS

Signed Cheques  
And Had  
Books Printed

London.  
A MAN who was a certified mental patient ran his own business successfully from an asylum, was allowed to travel and stay in hotels, used his own cheques, and wrote books.

This is disclosed in an official report, now published, of evidence given by former patients to the Royal Commission on Mental Illness.

The witnesses — and the hospitals they were in — are referred to by initials.

Here is the case of "Mr. B": "As he could do nothing for me he asked me to behave myself and not let him down."

"IN ON WARRANT"

"I was what is termed 'in on warrant', so the superintendent could not release me."

"I had my own room, my own radio, and my own typewriter, with which I wrote books on the subject which were later published."

He was certified, he said, after threatening to sue the commanding officer of an RAF unit during the war.

"Mr. B." recalled that at a court-martial the attitude towards his evidence was "once a lunatic always a lunatic."

Here is the case of "Miss A": "She told the Commission that after being a voluntary patient for eight years she said she would like to go home."

"If I had known that in signing the paper I should be sent without advice from relatives or hospital doctor to another hospital for certification I would certainly not have signed."

"RULE OF FEAR"

She was eventually transferred to the first hospital, where she worked in the fruit-lands and the ward without payment. When she came out she had to pay £100 for her keep.

"Miss A's" comment: "I had to pay and I reckon I kept myself there."

She complained of victimisation and ill-treatment. She said her sister-in-law brought her a few things, but as soon as she left the nurse "knocked me down and took them from me."

"DIDN'T KNOW"

"The so-called patients were ruled entirely by fear," she said. Asked "How would you eliminate fear?" she replied: "That is easy — by kindness."

"I was placed in a cell absolutely in solitary confinement," she added.

Lastly comes the evidence of "Mr. C."

He is the father of a young man who was taken from a hospital to a mental hospital. He was not consulted about his son's removal, although he was in the hospital at the time.

"My family and I were able to step in in this case. But what happens where a family has not got the gumption, or whatever you like to call it, to do so," he asked.

Tongue Twister

Watford. A 40-year-old doctor signed resolutely here when police, investigating a traffic violation charge, asked him to spell his name — slowly.

Dr. Namayakkarakodan-degrachchige Don Julius De Silva Wijesekera patiently obliged. — United Press.

BIGGLES  
(still going strong)  
shoots down  
SPACEMAN

London.  
SPACE FICTION is not so popular among children. The books that girls as well as boys like to read most are about crime, adventure, and war.

Eight thousand of them at 38 schools have just proved it in a survey of children's reading. The influence of television is smaller than might be expected.

The two top authors are still W. E. Johns — writer of the Biggles books that have been thrilling boys for 20 years — and E. E. Ryton.

Agatha Christie and Paul Brickhill are in the top twelve, but so are Charles Dickens, R. L. Stevenson, Charlotte Brontë, and Louisa M. Alcott.

## YOUR HOBBY?

The survey questioned 6,000 boys and girls at public and grammar schools, and 2,000 at secondary modern schools. Ages ranged from 11 to 18.

Other points disclosed: CAREERS: Most popular among boys is engineering. Girls liked teaching or secretarial work.

HOBBIES: Model-making and stamp-collecting still keep most boys happy. Girls like reading, music, and needlework.

Girls apparently read more than boys — 82 per cent. in public and grammar schools and 70 per cent. in secondary modern schools belong to libraries, compared with 73 per cent. and 57 per cent. of boys.

The survey was made by W. H. Smith and Son, the news-agents, and George G. Harrap, the publishers.

ATOMISED  
CHICKEN  
STOLEN

Paris.  
Paris Police are looking for a gourmet with a taste for the unusual, who stole the cooked "Atomised Chicken" from the US Pavilion at the Paris International Fair.

Mass-circulation France Sol front-paged the theft of the "Hot Chicken" and suggested Paris Police run over all Parisian stomachs with a geliger counter if they wanted to locate the culprit.

And since its sceptical reporter couldn't get the American Exhibit (Atom and Life) Hostess to admit anything but "The day will come without danger to man, food will be able to be conserved (by atom)", he judged that therefore the thief could be in danger.

"Everything leads one to believe that there is now in Paris a radioactive thief who would be of great interest for examination by a specialist... of Sclay, (French Atomic Centre)", the paper said. — United Press.

ATMOSPHERE OF  
CONFIDENCE?

Carlini.  
The Italian Government says its recent tax reform has established an atmosphere of confidence between the state and the taxpayer, but in Carlini there appears to be still room for some improvement.

Unknown taxpayers broke into the local tax office one night and burned all records and income reports. — United Press.

All Aboard The Sunbeam With...  
A NAZI LOVING BARONETTrip  
Round  
The  
Bay

London.  
BEARDED

36-year-old baronet Sir Richard Foley-Phillips is sailing the 28-roomed a n c e s - t r a l home that has belonged to his family for 600 years because he is broke.

He has already moved out of the house and is living in a three-roomed shack in the holiday village of Saundersfoot, Pembrokeshire.

And instead of lounging in his great swastika-hung hall, he is taking mackerel-fishing trippers round the bay at Saundersfoot, at six shillings per trip.

Last week he was busy carving and painting his ship, the Sunbeam, in readiness for the summer trippers.



SIR RICHARD: 'I NEED THE MONEY'

## A Juvenile Falstaff

Dressed in fisherman's oilskins and seaboots, he said. "It's no good pretending, I just need the money."

Sixteen-year-old Sir Richard, looking like a juvenile Falstaff, said: "I got this title from my cousin. That was all I got."

"He left all his money to my sister. I wish it had been the other way around. I believe money always matters."

"I am hoping to get between £2,000 and £3,000 for the house. It should be worth much more, but no one wants these big places these days."

"Anyway, it is 12 miles from the sea, and that is no good to me. It is too far to bicycle."

He added: "I am quite prepared to sell the sheepskin parchment showing the original grant to my family from the Bishop of St. David's in the 14th century."

What does he intend to do with the money? "I hope to buy another boat," he said.

## I'm Not Repentant

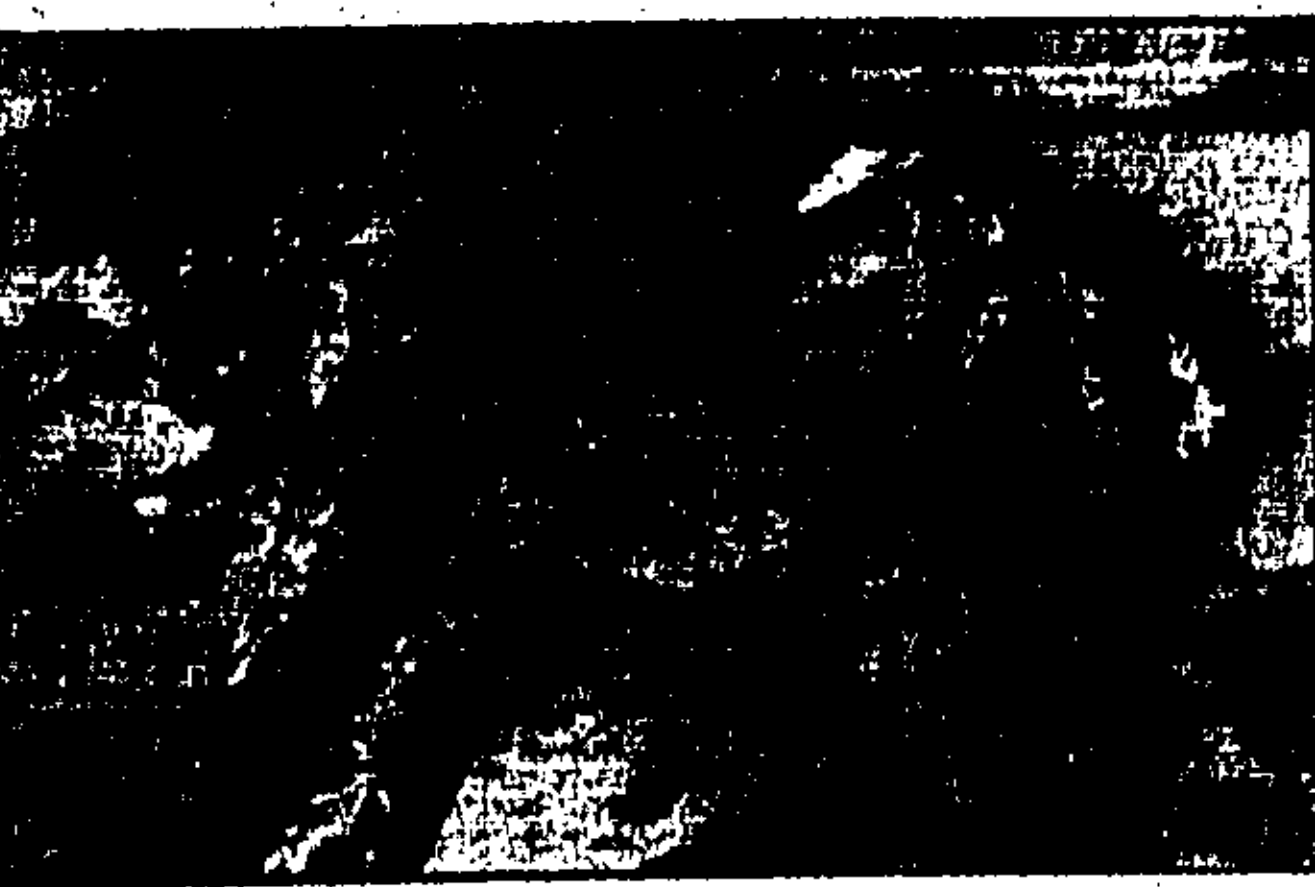
Sir Richard was a member of the Hitler Youth Movement for two years before the war. "I'm not repentant," he says. "I would do it again. I still like and respect the Nazis. I would have become a naturalised German but for the war."

The man whose family motto is "Patriotism is my guide" said: "I shall take all my Nazi souvenirs with me, the swastika flag in the hall, the Nazi books, the portraits of Hitler and other little things."

"I'm probably the only one who wants them now, anyway."

Sir Richard, the fourth baronet, does not tell the trippers who he is: "Not quite the done thing, old boy, really," he said.

## TWO-HEADED CALF



A Jersey calf was born with two heads last week in Hadrup, Jutland. The calf (above) only lived for a few hours. — Keystone Photo.

TELEPHONE  
TORTURE

Frankfurt.  
A Frankfurt citizen is being slowly tortured by telephone.

An unknown enemy orders things like tea, live pigs, a 100-pound sack of coffee, and a washing machine and has them delivered to the man's house. He once called him out of a meeting with a telephone message that his house had blown up.

He orders, then, and sends doctors to the man's house in the middle of the night.

The torturing victim went to the police. They issued a warning to his neighbor that he was being terrorized. They also decided to keep the man's name secret so that practical jokes will not join forces with his enemy. — United Press.

Casanova  
Married For  
90 Minutes

London.  
Miss Pauline Casanova got married, but unlike her famous namesake, her love life wasn't a success — the marriage lasted just 90 minutes, a London court was told.

French born, Miss Casanova told the Court she married British dancer Frank Young in Paris in 1953. An hour and a half later he left to catch a train — and was never seen again.

She was awarded a divorce on the grounds of her husband's desertion. Police said they had been unable to trace Young. — United Press.

BALLIOL MEN FIGHT  
IT OUT WITH...  
SILVER SCONCES

London.

IN the common rooms of Oxford last week they were talking of the feat of two undergraduates who each drank 17½ pints of beer in 70 minutes.

It happened in the Hall at Balliol College. A Canadian undergraduate dug his Scottish neighbour in the ribs and the latter promptly "sconced" him — a traditional penalty for a breach of etiquette.

A scone is a silver drinking cup holding 2½ pints. The ones at Balliol are 200 years old.

## Full of Beer

When he announced the scone, the cup full of beer was brought to the Canadian.

He could either: Sip from it and pass it round, paying for the beer;

Protest to the Senior Scholar in Latin, and if his Latin was bad risk further penalties;

Or drain the scone himself without taking his lips from it.

The Canadian drained the scone.

## The Duel Was On

This put the Scot on the spot. He had to do the same or pay for the beer. He accepted the challenge and the duel was on.

Seven scones later the two undergraduates, full of 35 pints of beer, called a truce.

The Canadian, as the original one challenged, paid for it and went to bed.

The Scot took part in a debate and next day denied a hangover.

## A Light Dinner Ale

The college authorities refused to reveal the names of the men in the beer duel, but I was told that they drank a "light dinner ale" and not a strong bitter.

Tankard note: Monieur Aimee Maffray, a Paris restaurateur, claims the world's beer-drinking record by shifting 24 pints in 52 minutes.

In Sheffield some years ago John Field was challenged to drink a bucket of beer without taking his lips from it. He went out of the bar and returned some time later to win the bet.

"Why did you go out of the room, before taking on the bet?" he was asked.

"To make sure I could do it I tried it first with a bucket of water," he said, simply.

Field wouldn't have thought much of Oxford drinking.

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## SUMMER SEASON

## PROMENADE CONCERT

AT THE

## HONGKONG CONCERT ORCHESTRA

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CONDUCTOR: VICTOR ARDY

SUNDAY 16 JUNE 9 p.m.

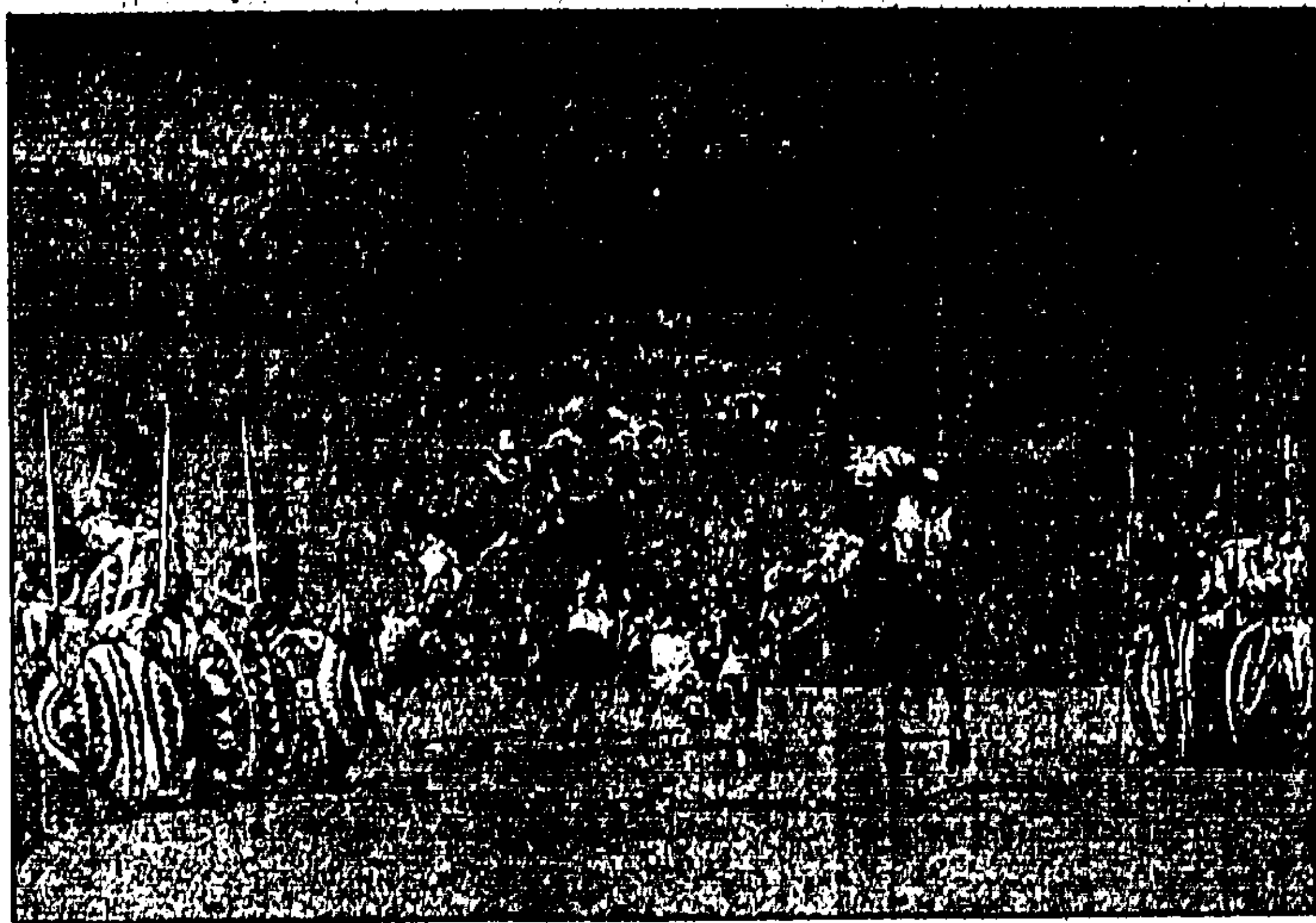
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Book Early

Doors Open 8 p.m.

LEADER: FRED CARRO

Kowloon — RADIOS PEOPLE MOUTRIE  
Come Early





Real gone cats—they're the King's African Rifles warming up at the R.A. Depot Woolwich for the Royal Tournament.

ARMY NEWS



Tribes involved are the Nandi, Makaba, Samburu, and Juluo booked for a tour of Britain that includes Royal Tournament, Edinburgh Festival, and Woolwich and Bath Tattoos.

ARMY NEWS



LEFT: Princess Margaret, well wrapped up and recovering from a cold, spent the week-end with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at Blenheim Palace. Other guests were Mr Billy Wallace and Mr Christopher Lloyd ... 33-year-old landowner facing camera.

EXPRESS

RIGHT: Tough luck for a mere Major-General when he has to take the place of a Princess. Princess Margaret was indisposed so Major-General Harding took her place at the annual inspection of the 4th Bn. Suffolk Regt (TA) at Colchester, and tries to cheer up the cadets.

EXPRESS



STAGE FRIGHT IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE! But two-year-old Jimmy, son of Sergeant Harry Smith, did not seriously upset arrangements for a visit by the Queen and Prince Philip when they came to Leuchars RAF station in Scotland.

EXPRESS

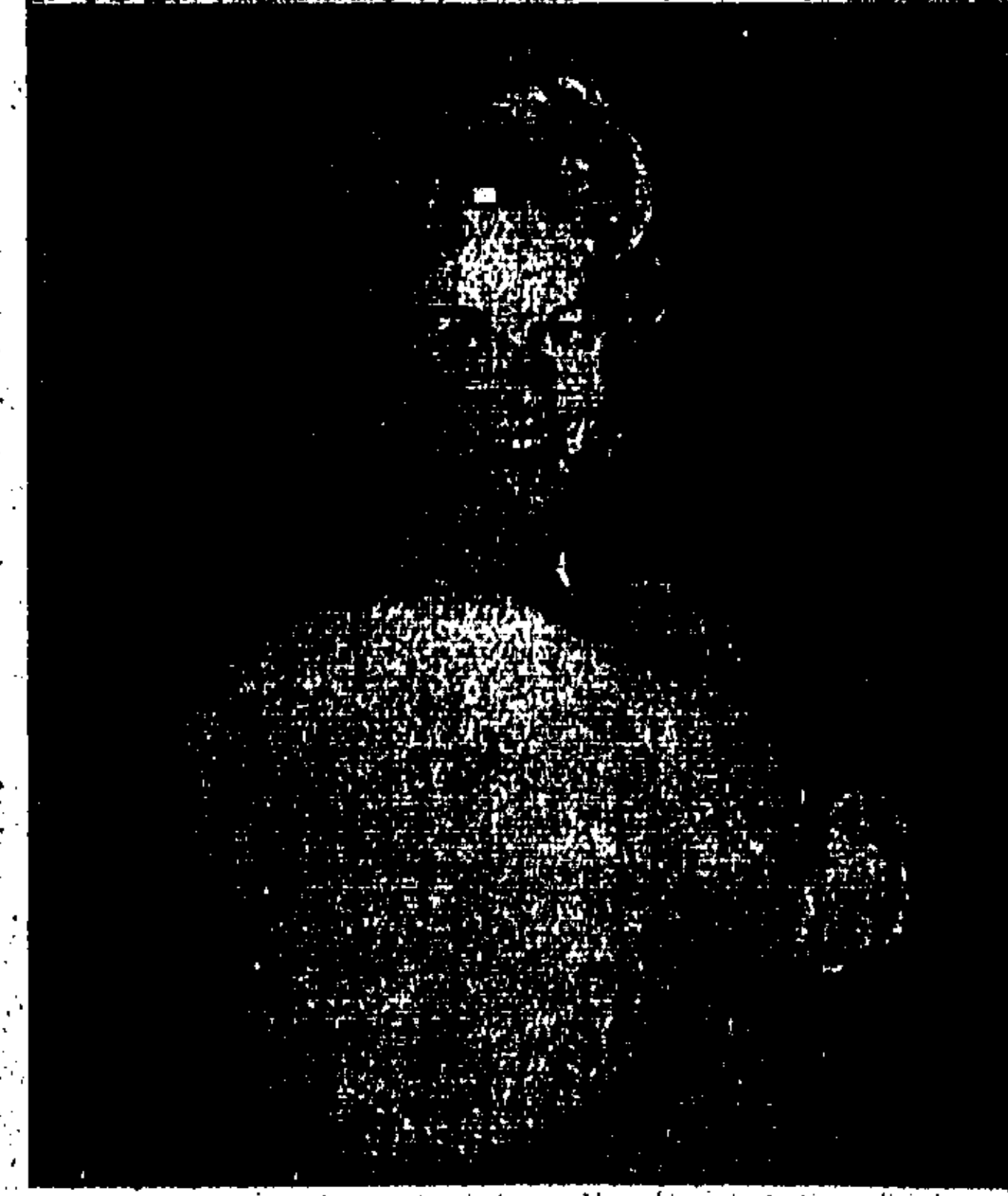


LEFT: Princess ALEXANDRA arriving with Lady Melchett for the premiere of the film "Fire Down Below"—and both in Grecian-line one shoulder style gowns.

EXPRESS

RIGHT: H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester and (below) actress Peggy Cummings at the film premiere "Teahouse of the August Moon."

EXPRESS

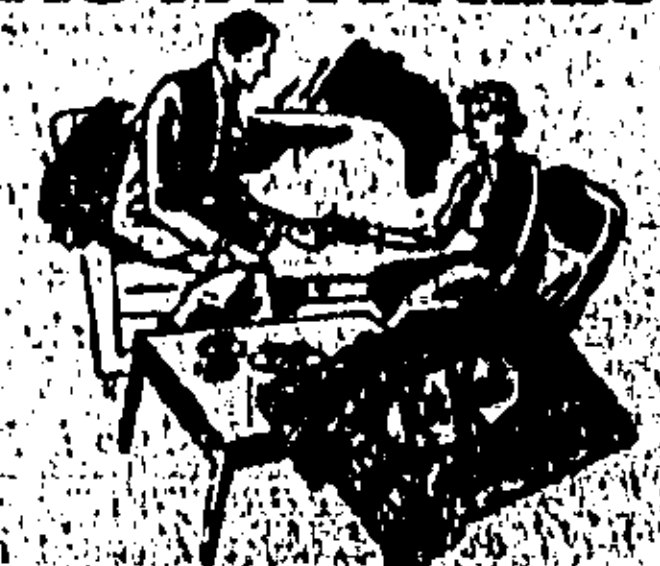


# NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



# ROWNTREES



A TEA TIME TREAT



## Anniversary Story

## THE HORROR OF LIDICE

Of the many war crimes which must forever lie heavily on the conscience of the German nation, none was more appalling and barbarous than the massacre at Lidice, Czechoslovakia, just 15 years ago this month.

It happened as a result of the assassination of Reinhard Heydrich, the hated Deputy-Protector of Bohemia and Moravia. Driving to his office at Hradany Castle, on May 27, 1942, he was ambushed and mortally wounded. This blow for freedom, which followed an eight-month reign of terror, was struck by two daring patriots in the Prague suburb of Liben.

Himmler, the Gestapo chief, was white with fury at the loss of his 37-year-old principal lieutenant. He ordered an immediate hunt for the killers and launched a vicious campaign of vengeance. Dozens of Czechs were executed without trial, in and around the capital.

No one knew for certain where the gunmen had come from. But when two guerrillas were arrested in the forest of Krivoklat, suspicion fell on nearby Lidice—an idyllic little village close to the mining centre of Kladno, 30 miles from Prague.

Dotted about the narrow main road sloping gently to Lidice's broad square were the trim cottages of mining and agricultural workers. On either side of the square stood farmsteads belonging to wealthier villagers. Across a stream flowing from east to west stood the picturesque Church of St. Margaret, the pride of 73-year-old Father Sternberk. Behind St. Margaret's was the village school.

Lidice's families were large. There was an average of six people to each of its hundred homes. Labouring folk, like the Sedls, intermarried with the wealthier farmers such as the Hahses.

With the German occupation, however, much of the villagers' laughter was stifled. No longer could the men hold debates in front of the tobacco shop. In public places they could speak to each other only with their eyes.

But Lidice showed defiance in passive ways. When a German band passed through the village, every cottage and farmhouse was barred and shuttered; not a Czech could be seen.

How great was the strain on the people of Lidice when the avengers of Reinhard Heydrich drew near, will never be known. They had heard of mass reprisals in Prague and they felt into an uneasy sleep on the fateful night of Wednesday June 9, 1942.

Suddenly, they were awakened by the roar of German motorized units in the streets and the clatter of machine guns on their garden paths. Mercilessly, every member of the population was dragged half-clad into the square. Nobody was left behind; not even the bedridden. Husbands and wives were torn from bed, and a roll-call was made to ensure that no one was missing.

A half-demented woman who tried to escape with her child was shot down. The rest of the women were taken by the Gestapo to the schoolhouse; the men were herded into barns.

At dawn on June 10, Lidice's male citizens were led, with their defiant priest, into a garden. There, they were shot in batches of ten. The slaughter went on until 172 men had been killed. Then the executioners were photographed with the corpses at their feet, like members of a shoot with their bag.

Old Father Sternberk was offered freedom if he renounced his congregation. He declared that he preferred to die with his flock for whom he had cared for 35 years. And he died.

Next it was the turn of the womenfolk. Some were taken to Prague and shot. The remaining 195 were sent to the notorious Ravensbruck concentration camp, where 42 died of ill-treatment, seven were gassed and three disappeared. Four mothers of newly-born children were taken to another camp—after their babies had been murdered.

All the old children were separated from their mothers, and 90 were sent to a camp at Gneichen, never to be seen again. Others, who passed a special "Master-Race" adoption test, went to German homes. The rest died in gas-chambers at Treblinka, Poland.

By the evening of June 10, when not a inhabitant remained in Lidice, the Germans burned every house. The gutted houses were flattened into rubble, the ground ploughed up, and the whole area ringed by a barbed-wire fence.

What had been a bustling village of 600 people, was a silent, empty waste.



"The President of the Peace Loving Movement then added that Russia's latest H-bomb, if dropped on the North Pole, was capable of melting all the snow and ice, which would flood London in minutes. Which wouldn't do that cold of yours any good, Vera."

## The general's wife is BLACKMAILED

It was Elrick's dinner, and custom required that he should set the ball rolling. So we weren't surprised when he tapped the table.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'll spin my yarn early—while you're all being good enough to continue your interest in this champagne. As a matter of fact it began—this odd incident I have in mind—with champagne."

"It began that is to say, with a lady I shall call Mrs. Dominey taking courage from the stuff at a dinner party, and murmuring to me over the rim of her glass that she was in deep, deep trouble. I must have reacted suitably because she came to see me in my office next day."

Elrick paused, and somebody asked a question. "She was more or less a stranger to you?"

"I was her husband's solicitor—which looked as if it might conceivably make the situation rather delicate. But of course a family lawyer has to walk some very pretty tightropes. And this one certainly led me into a queer puzzle. It's not spectacular, but I hope it will satisfy you as my contribution this evening."

### Modest affair

But here I see I must explain about the Mystery Club. It's an entirely modest affair. We dine together from time to time, taking it in turn to play host, and the idea is that each of us should recount something more or less mysterious that has come under his observation since the last meeting.

Nobody is allowed to delve deeper into the past than that, and this has the effect—or is supposed to have the effect—of



London Express Service

... murmuring to me over the rim of her glass that she was in deep, deep trouble."

making everyone keep a sharp eye open for likely material as he goes about his daily affairs.

Most of our stories, I find, come directly from the professional experience of our members. But there is no rule about this. If the teller in fact knows the solution of his mystery, he naturally holds it up until his fellow-members have offered whatever guesses come into their heads. If he doesn't know, then, of course, the mystery has sometimes to remain unsolved.

And you will realise that the whole entertainment—for that is what it is—has to move fairly quickly. If half a dozen problems are to be tackled in an evening, none of them can be worried to death!

So we knew now that even Elrick's rather deliberate legal manner wasn't going to hold us up for long.

"Mrs. Dominey is a pretty creature," he went on, "and much younger than her husband, the General. I suspected some indiscretion which was now—so to speak—coming home to roost. And it appeared I wasn't far wrong. Mrs. Dominey confessed that she had been silly about a perfectly fascinating actor called Callaway. Some of you may have heard of him."

### Little suppers

Elrick looked round the table, and I nodded. "Rather a good character-actor," I said, "in melodrama. A Chinese viceroy, peeper one week and a dissipated duke the next."

"That's the chap," Mrs. Dominey, I may say, struck me as not at all clever, and I don't suppose her theatrical taste would be precisely that of the neighborhood.

"She had admired this chap Callaway, whatever the rubbish he was spouting in, and had taken to writing him foolish letters. Eventually, to her great joy, she began to get replies: there was a promising, and she said eventually she was quiet



by MICHAEL INNES

"But it failed this time. Callaway grabbed a telephone and proposed to call up his solicitor. I had marched in on him, he said, with an outrageous slander, and he proposed to seek legal redress. He seemed extremely angry."

### Convincing

"Callaway was protesting too much," it was Byatt, the surgeon, who chimed in with this. "Wasn't that what you felt, Elrick?"

Elrick nodded. "It was one of the possibilities. Bluster is a fairly standard response in the sort of situation I've been sketching. But Callaway's bewilderment and indignation were extraordinarily convincing."

"But surely," I said, "the fact of his being an actor is pretty relevant there?"

And at this our junior member, John Appleby, broke in. As Appleby is high up at Scotland Yard, he is commonly listened to with respect on these occasions.

"My money's on that," he said. "Let's remember that Callaway is an actor."

"And quite able"—I drove this home—"to put over a turn even on an experienced lawyer like our host."

"Or was it after all—the lady who had protested too much?" Byatt, with a chuckle that is characteristic of him, flew off at a tangent.

"Isn't a pretty creature—I think that's how Elrick described her—more likely to pull the wool over an intelligent lawyer's eyes than the cleverest actor is? Nothing seems likelier than that she was making up the whole story. Hence Callaway's reaction?"

### Rather steep

I found this rather steep. "Oh, come," I said. "Why ever should she do such a thing? Elrick is her husband's solicitor. He might have gone straight to the General. Surely she wouldn't risk that, simply for the sake of making herself interesting?"

"My dear chap," Byatt turned to me moderately. "I use you don't know much about neurotic and hysterical women. The fantasies they'll spin about themselves—and swear to—have to be heard to be believed."

Elrick pushed his glass away and made a withdrawal gesture. "That's all," he said. "The story

we had any evidence that Mrs. Dominey was either hysterical or neurotic?"

"She was neither," Elrick spoke decisively. "I repeat that she wasn't clever. She could easily be deceived, but she wasn't unbalanced."

### The solution

"And now I expect you've all got as far as Appleby's plenary has. The solution? Lay in the fact of Callaway's being an actor—and a character actor at that. Those admiring letters from Mrs. Dominey had never reached him. They had been intercepted by a smooth rascal called Lipsedge, who then had a job as his dresser."

"Lipsedge?" Appleby repeated. "I think I've heard of him."

"I expect you have. A smart crook. He realised that there need be no substantial physical resemblance between the figure Mrs. Dominey had admired across the footlights and the fellow who might walk out of the stage-door and claim to be the actor."

### Happy ending

"So he impersonated his employer, rapidly got the lady into an awkward situation, and hoped to get away with a tidy sum in blackmail before, the imposture was detected."

"And so it all ended happily?" Byatt asked.

"Except for Lipsedge—yes."

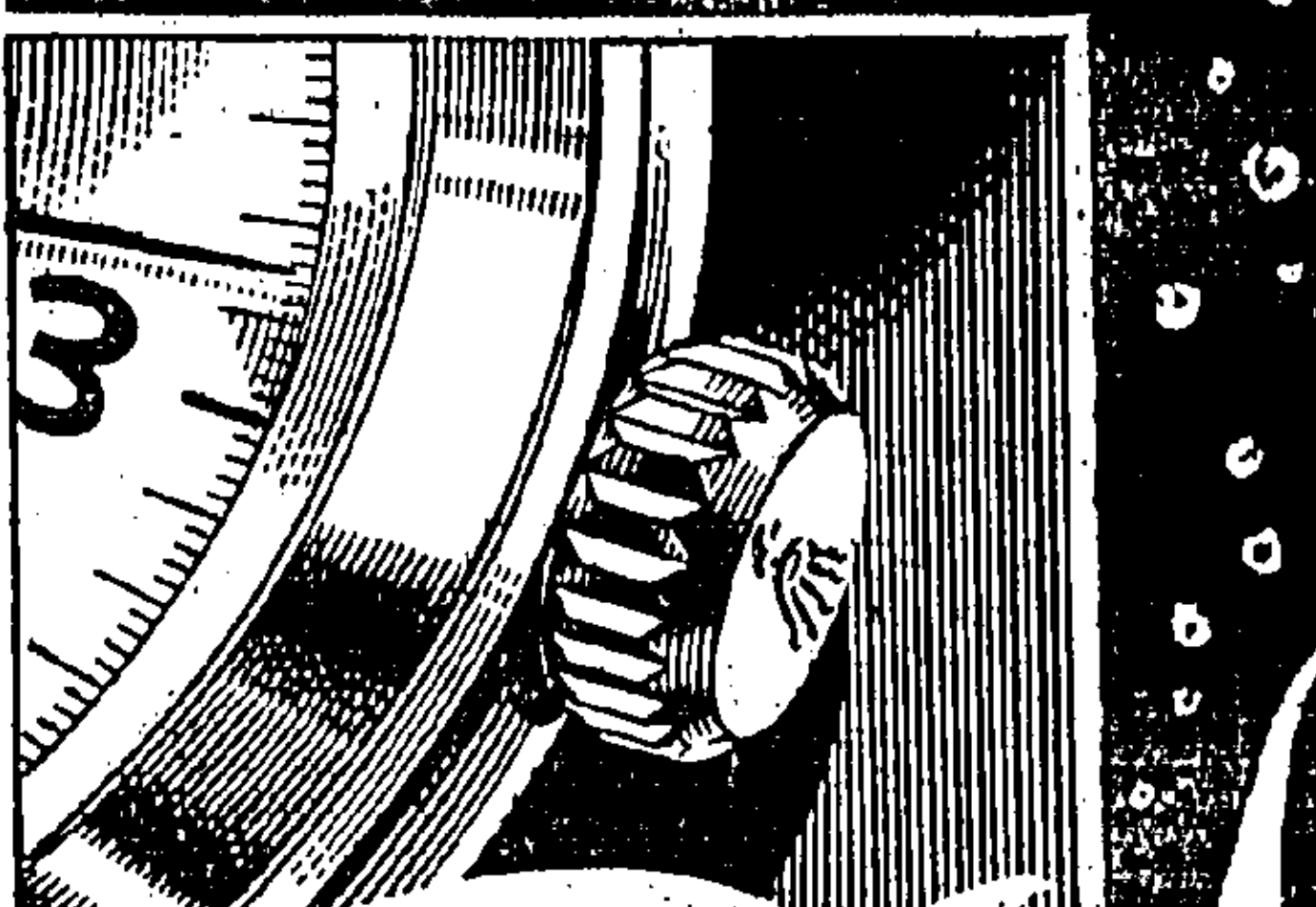
"And did you find it necessary to take General Dominey into your confidence?"

Elrick smiled. "That would be telling," he said.

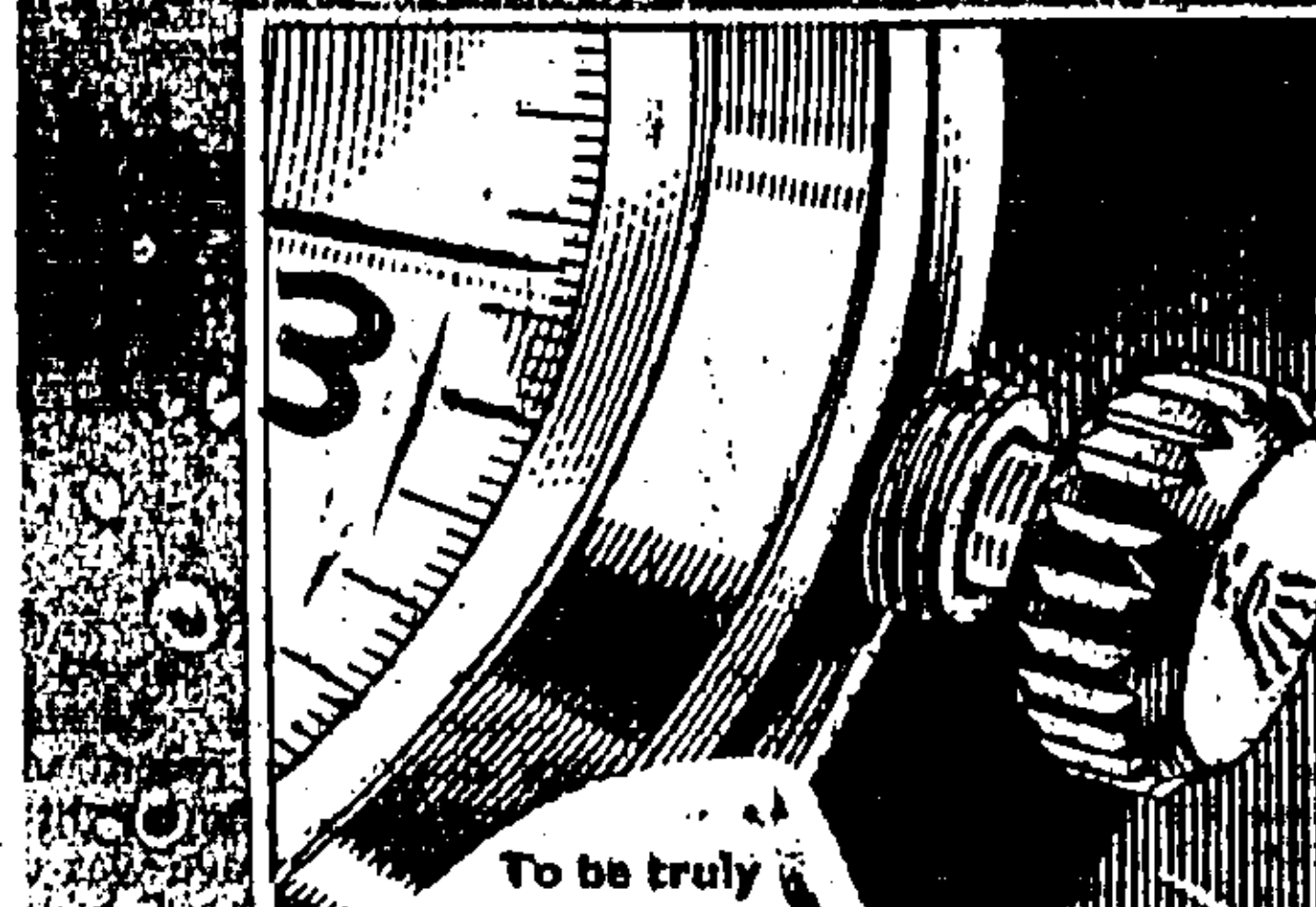
**NEXT WEEK: The mystery of the left-handed barber**  
London Express Service.

## 27 fathoms down

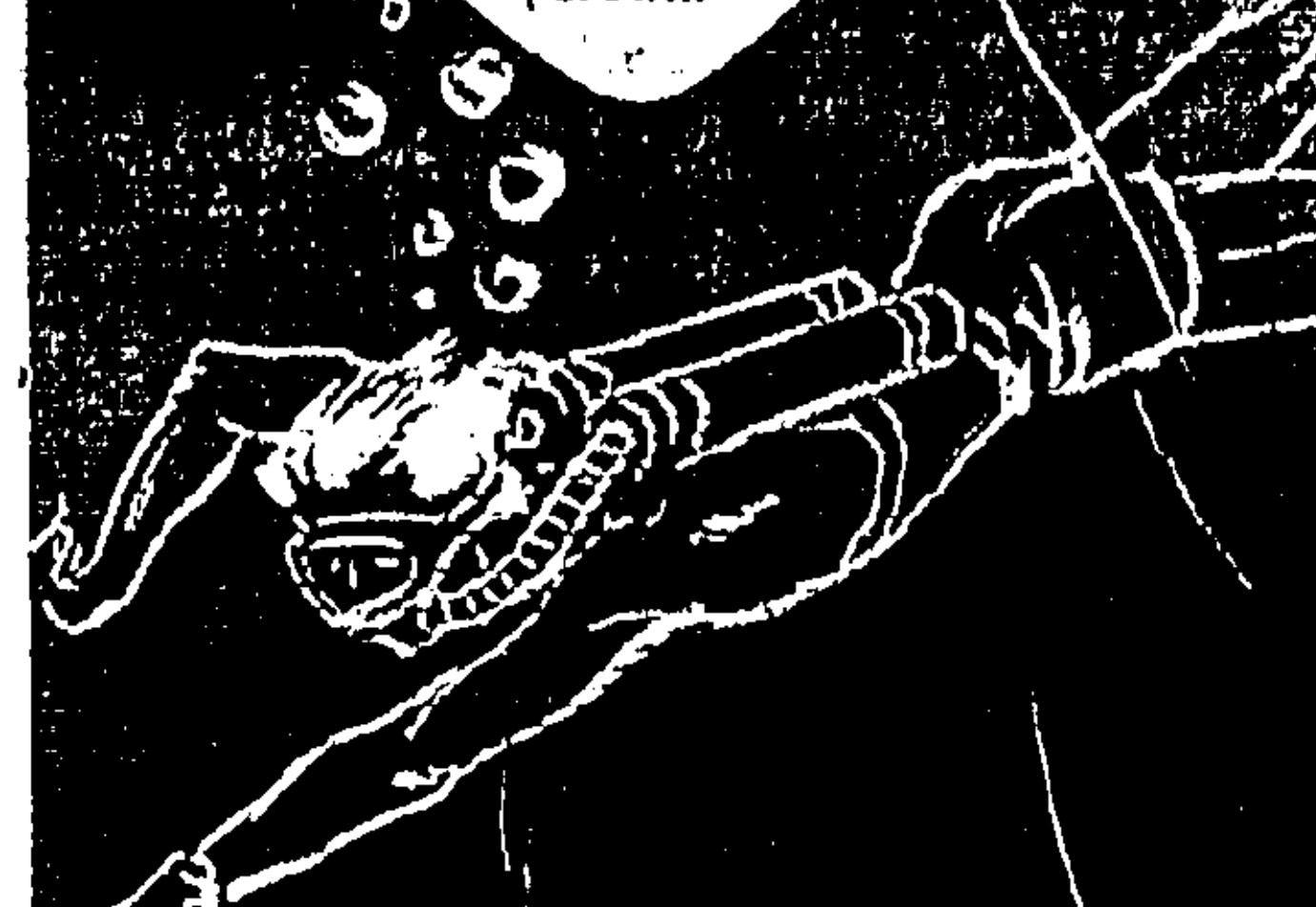
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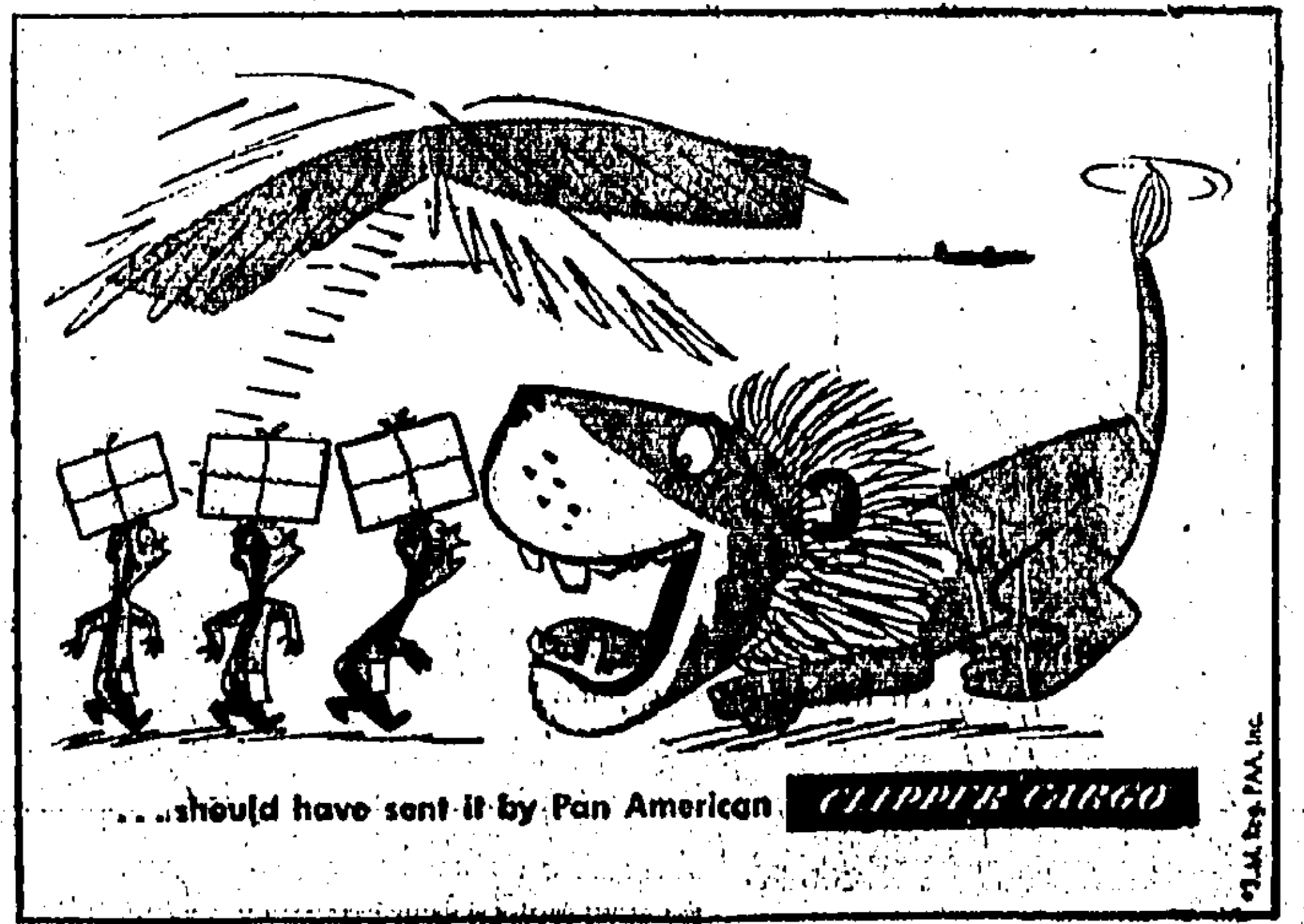
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## The boss was out of breath

WHEN Mr Franklin complained of being a bit short of breath on hurrying and of an occasional throbbing-in-the-head sensation, I took his blood pressure. It was high as old ham.

In a way I wasn't surprised. Certainly Mr Franklin had the kind of bombastic, you-can't-put-it-over-on-me temperament that most people associate with high blood pressure.

I knew how he was suspicious of people's motives, how he was unmerciful to inefficient subordinates, and was proud of his own colossal energy.

"I wish all my staff had high blood pressure," he growled. "Then we'd get some work done."

"But there is another kind of high blood pressure personality," I explained coolly.

### Just as trying

The other type can be just as trying. They avoid rows at all costs, try to secure obedience by repeated persuasion.

They themselves try to obviate criticism by being over-scrupulous in their work.

Submissive and over-conscientious they come to the office first and leave last.

"Humph," grunted Mr Franklin. "My employees all try to come in last and leave first."

"My subordinates must have low blood pressure. Very low, tiny, diminutive, infinitesimal pressure."

People with high blood pressure have an abundance of drive and "go," but their emotional frustration prevents them from using their energy in the best possible direction.

I told Mr Franklin how many of my high blood pressure patients had an extreme insatiable need to depend unconditionally on someone they love, and when they didn't obtain such an intense response they felt thwarted. As a result some try to dominate people in order to gain general respect.

In this way a chronic condition of tension is built up. Psychiatrists have reported that self understanding of their emotional difficulties can reduce or cure the condition.

The fact is people with high blood pressure suffer more from



anxiety about the level of their blood pressure than they do from its actual effects.

Another point to remember is that a reasonably high blood pressure in older people is compatible with normal health.

Mr Franklin was obese. Since the heart has extra work to do when the pressure is raised and overweight also may call upon the heart to work harder, it was worthwhile Mr Franklin going on a diet.

"But most important don't overwork," I advised him. "Take it easy."

"Take it easy," he shouted, "when my employees come in late, leave early. Listen, every junior in my firm has got twenty grandmothers who are always on the point of extinction. Even my immediate assistants seem to spend years at the dentist. I never knew human beings could have so many teeth. When the first matches begin the whole staff goes down with flu."

He was waving his arms about, red in the face now, his voice rising in anger.

"Useless, lazy, inefficient, the lot of them. None of them worth a centence," he roared. "It's a good job I have a fairly placid temperament."

All in a doctor's day—by CEDRIC CARNE

## Begins today: THE ART OF MAKING MONEY

A new series which will fire the imagination of everyone who dreams of riches. Here are the stories of men who began with little or nothing and ended up with fortunes.

How did they do it?

Alexander Thomson

### No. 1 VINCENT JOBSON

## He slept on the Thames Embankment

IN his Dorchester Hotel suite high over Park Lane, Vincent Jobson pours out two large Scotchies.

"I am one of the very few people in my position who has ever slept on the Thames Embankment," he says. "One night more than 50 years ago I had to do it—and by jove it was cold."

There is a twinkling, far-away look in Jobson's eye as he sips his drink and puffs at a favourite pipe.

"That," he adds, "was when I was carrying bags at Liverpool Street station for a copper or two a time."

We are talking of the Art of Making Money, for there is no hardship for Vincent Jobson now. He has his 104-ton yacht, the Lashloo II, in which he cruises round the Mediterranean three months in the year. He has his Rolls-Royce—"the 14th one, including Bentleys."

And he can contemplate with satisfaction that the Stock Exchange value of his business is around £4,500,000.

Today he is Britain's "Mr. Lawn-mower," boss of the Quicfast business, turning out two in every three mowing-machines made here.

He is also one of the biggest makers of engineering castings in Europe.

Vincent Jobson, looking for all the world like a great big jovial gnome striding around his elegant Dorchester suite.

"The art of making money," he says, "is taking big calculated risks when you are young."

"Then you have plenty of time to try again if they don't come off—and to push on and build up if they do."

That is how Jobson came to have his night on the Embankment in the early 1900s.

### NO TURNING BACK

At 17, and with only 15s. 9d. in his pocket, he ran away from Russell School to try his luck in London.

Why? "It was the biggest risk I could take at the time," says Jobson. "And I got away with it."

It led to all sorts of jobs, besides carrying bags at Liverpool Street.

For three weeks he worked at the butter counter of a provision store. And giving an imitation of wrapping up a pound of butter is still Jobson's favourite parlour trick.

"The best sort of risk for a young man to take," he goes on, "is the kind from which there is no turning back."

"Then you darned well have to go on until you make good."



## ... now he is running his 14th Rolls-Royce

The second big chance in the Jobson story was just like that.

In his twenties, he explains, he was running a small stove and grate-making business that had been in the family more than 100 years.

"After all those years its cash value was, only about £8,000. And in another 100 years, it would not have been much more at the rate we were going," he says.

So young V.J. scrapped the lot. Flank, legs, tools—everything went out.

"Then we had to get new ideas. We had to eat, hadn't we?"

Jobson's idea was to choose something new that was going to develop, and then get in on it early.

### THE BEGINNING

This was the beginning of the 1920s, and Vincent Jobson chose the motor-car.

His family's little firm had been in the iron-foundry business. Very well then, it would grow big making castings for cars.

That is just what has happened. Today it can make 1,000,000 castings a week for the car factories and a host of other users.

Lawn-mowers followed by accident. Yet Jobson's lawn-mower plant is now the biggest

in the world. It turns out 14,000 a week.

Sipping Scotch and soda in his Dorchester suite Vincent Jobson admits that not all the cards were stacked against him.

He did have a little something to build on.

But what of those who have nothing at all? What should be their plan?

### SKY IS THE LIMIT

"When you are young, never be afraid to stick your neck out," is Jobson's advice. "But pick a comparatively new idea. That is where the best chances usually lie."

"And if they offer you a small salary and a big cut from profits take it. For then the sky really is the limit."

After his 50 years in business that is the way Jobson runs his big businesses.

All his top executives are on the "small pay, big cut" basis. He reckons they are the most highly paid in the industry. But two-thirds of their salary cheques are from profit-sharing.

"This way a man backs himself. He and his employer both benefit," says Jobson.

The time slips by. Vincent Jobson recalls his well-smoked pipe.

"I have drunk whisky and smoked a pipe since I was 17,"

he confides. "I have my first pipe of the day in my bath. But I seldom drink out of pub hours."

We argue whether a thoughtful smoke, glass in hand, plays any part in this Art of Making Money.

"Why, certainly," says Jobson. "I doubt it," I say.

We stop being frivolous and turn serious again. For men who are already bosses Jobson advises:

1. "Remember you can't do everything yourself. The ability to pick a good team to help you is half the battle."

2. "Don't employ relatives. You get much better results from strangers."

3. "Your work must always be fun. Never let it be a bore."

To Vincent Jobson, with his tough exterior and smiling eyes, life has always been a lot of fun.

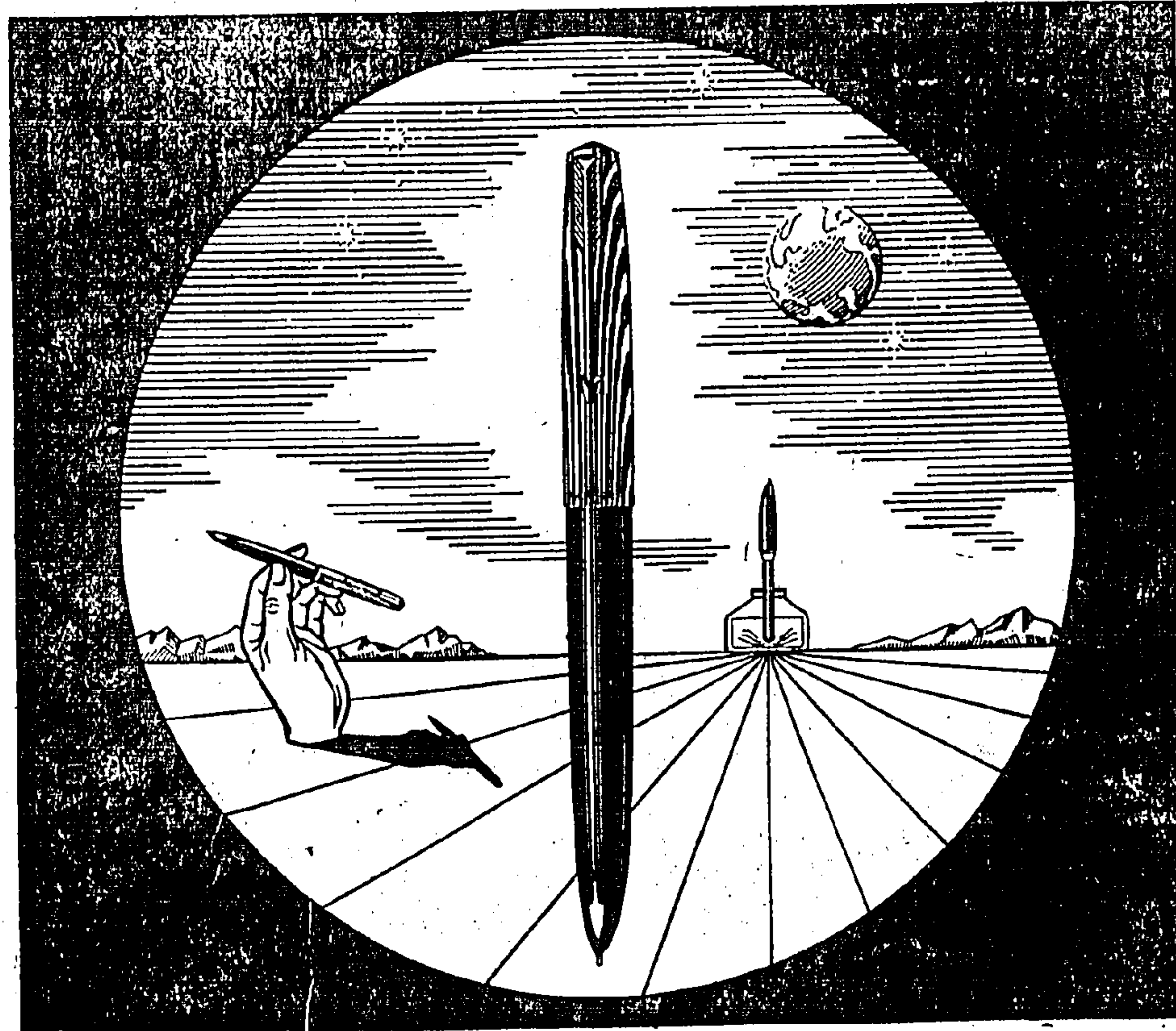
At the age of 20, three TB specialists gave him only five months to live.

He was 70 last January. So he feels that the laughs are all with him.

### NEXT WEEK

The man who never lost his temper.

London Express Service.



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Now, from Parker, comes a completely new and unique fountain pen—the Parker 61. This remarkable pen fills itself by itself in just 10 seconds using capillary attraction alone! Further, the surface of the filling unit sheds liquids so that it cleans itself... by itself. The Parker 61 is truly a different and inspired creation... a wonderful gift idea for yourself or for those who appreciate the very best.



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KOCH—His simple household laboratory provided the answers to medical mysteries.

"DROP everything and go at once to Koch!" said the pathologist Julius Cohnheim when he burst in upon his laboratory students one April day in 1876. With other astonished scientists gathered at the University of Breslau, Cohnheim had just watched a young district physician named Robert Koch demonstrate the complete life history of the anthrax bacillus—graphic proof that specific diseases were caused by specific germs.

Within a decade, Cohnheim's exhortation would ring out to brilliant students the world over, among them Welch and Ehrlich, to come to study with this ex-army surgeon who, at thirty-three had just taken the first momentous step in his Nobel Prize career.

The life of a country district doctor was tame and monotonous for Koch, after his service in the Franco-Prussian War, born in Hanover, he had studied at Göttingen under Jacob Henle, whose radical theories of disease contagion must have filled the young physician's mind on those trips down long country roads. But Robert Koch was not a theorist. In an improvised laboratory at home, peering through the microscope his wife had given him for his thirtieth birthday, he patiently worked out revolutionary methods of bacteria culture, and of fixing,

## Robert Koch the BIOLOGICAL DETECTIVE

staining and even photographing bacteria for comparison and identification.

The entire course of centuries of medical thinking was to be changed by Koch's accomplishments before he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1906.

### Honours

He won it for developing the tuberculin test for tuberculosis, the disease whose very cause, the tubercle bacillus, he had discovered in 1882.

Since then Koch had accumulated honours, but he never paused in his work. In 1883, as head of the German Cholera Commission in Egypt and India, he had discovered the cholera vibrio, and shown how it was transmitted by drinking water, food, and clothing. In South Africa at the request of the English government, he had devised a preventive inoculation for rinderpest, and gone on to make valuable studies of Texas fever, blackwater fever, tropical malaria, and plague. His ideas had been successfully employed in fighting a cholera epidemic in Hamburg in 1892. He had shown how water-borne epidemics could be prevented by proper filtration and the methods he had established for the control of typhoid were adopted almost everywhere. Even after winning the Nobel Prize, Koch was off again to continue his studies of sleeping sickness in Africa.

In a broad sense, the bacteriological methods which Robert Koch developed were even greater contributions to medical science than the spectacular discoveries which followed. Koch's discovery of the tubercle bacillus opened the battle for the eradication of the White Plague, but his fundamental precept that these micro-organisms must be studied in pure culture, and his method of preparing these cultures were of even more far-reaching significance in modern biology and disease research.

Like all great inventions, the germ culture methods, which Koch developed were marvellous in their very simplicity. But they opened a world so complex that when Koch died in 1910, no single man, no simple laboratory could fill his place.

### Strides

The latest strides in medicine, the development of modern antibiotics, have demanded the co-ordinated efforts of innumerable highly-trained scientific minds. Penicillin, streptomycin and more recently, chloramphenicol have in turn come forth to help write advanced chapters in the grim history of infectious disease—a chapter which opened in the laboratory Robert Koch improvised at home, to break the monopoly of his country practice.



# Do we make fools of ourselves over animals?...

IMAGINE that your pet dog scampered out into the main road this Sunday morning. Imagine it was killed by a car which drove straight on. What would you do about it?

What would your reaction be as you lifted up that small, broken body and carried it back to your gate? Indignation? Sickening grief? Or would you simply shrug your shoulders, console the children, and set about buying another dog?

Remarkable questions for a book page, perhaps. But they are prompted by a remarkable book, a book from America.

It is the story of how one small dog's death stirred the anger of a nation. It begins with the screeching of car wheels and a puppy's dreadful screams on a summer's night. It ends with one of the most fantastic episodes in the history of the printed word.

## THE CHARACTERS—man, wife, dog

The book is just published by W. H. Allen. Its title: **A LETTER TO THE MAN WHO KILLED MY DOG.**

Look at its chief characters.

## BOOKS by ROBERT PITMAN

● If you think the British go too far, consider this case history from America... of a dog that stirred the anger of a nation.

First, the author himself—45-year-old Richard Joseph. When this story begins Joseph was a very sophisticated person indeed. As a travel editor of the American magazine *Esquire*, he ceaselessly roved the world sampling the smart places, the smart hotels.

Then Joseph married a sophisticated wife. She was a fashion model and a writer.

But these two sophisticated people had a sentimental dream. And soon they turned the dream into a plan for action. They planned to write Richard Joseph, to get out of New York and into the country. To cut out people, cocktail parties... To give a child within the year. To get a dog for companionship in the meanwhile.

Which brings us to the third character in the story.

Her name was Vicki. She had big, sad eyes. She also had whiskers and black spots over patches of brown and white. She was a little Basset puppy.

At their new house in the country the sophisticated Joseph learned to love Vicki. They loved her expressions ("always saddest," Joseph tells us, "when she was enjoying herself most").

## THE CAR—a screech, a yelp

They loved her solemn, ponderous movements. As they watched Vicki growing up, they told themselves that soon they would be watching their child growing up too.

But that was a sight which Vicki wasn't to share.

It was late on Tuesday evening in midsummer. The puppy strolled at her master's heels down the front gravel path. He stooped to pull at some weeds. She strutted on. And the thing happened. Writes Richard Joseph:

"I heard the roar of a motor along our quiet country road. There was the screech of skidding rubber, then Vicki's startled yelp, and my wife's scream coming from a second story window. I ran out of our driveway as the driver of the car stepped on the gas and raced his car down the road."

Gently they carried the little dog inside. There was no sign of a wound. Nursing and patting

it, they saw the big eyes glaze over. They saw the little teeth bared and the gums turn from pink to grey. The puppy was dead, and the sophisticated Josephs were stunned.

The next day at his office Richard Joseph tried to read. But he could only think about the way Vicki was killed. At last, hot with anger, he sat down and typed a letter. He addressed it "To the Man Who Killed My Dog."

Into 12 short paragraphs he poured more sincerely and feeling than into any million of the bright, smart words he usually tapped out. He wrote:

"I hope to God that when you hit my dog you had for a moment the sick dead feeling in the throat that we have known ever since. And that you feel it whenever you think about speeding down a winding country road again."

"Because the next time some eight-year-old boy might be wobbling along on his first bicycle..."

"Or maybe you'll be real lucky again, and only kill another dog, and break the heart of another family."

Richard Joseph posted the letter to his local weekly paper.



Vicki—a walk on a summer evening... a screech of tyres.

Its circulation was only a few thousand, but he was more eager to see those paragraphs in print than any of the well-paid articles he had written for the big magazines.

A few days later his wife telephoned him at the office. "I've got the paper," she told him sadly, "but they haven't printed your letter." Half an hour later she phoned again to cry: "I've just seen why I couldn't find your letter in the paper. They've spread it all over the front page."

It was just the beginning. When Richard Joseph came home from New York he found his driveway full of cars and people—people who had read his letter and wanted to sympathise,

or help look for a new pet, or plan a campaign against drivers who killed dogs.

Then some other local papers reprinted the letter. Then it appeared in a nation-wide syndicated column. Then it was printed in *Reader's Digest*. Soon it was being used as the theme of road campaigns in Australia, in Africa, in Portugal.

Ed Murrow interviewed Joseph about the letter. It was used as a piece for recitation in schools.

And the letters streamed in. They came in thousands.

They came from children, from pensioners, from people whose dogs had been killed and who had advice to give. Now, at the end of his book, Joseph prints a selection from those

letters. For him they prove the decency and kindness of the human race.

But what kind of a book does it all amount to?

I find it fascinating, but slightly nauseating too.

## THE PROBLEM—dogs or humans?

Let me explain why.

It is not that I dislike dogs. Even though, as friends of man, I find them somewhat over-rated.

It is simply that I am rapidly tiring of all animal books. Dedic Smith has written a story about dalmatians. Ethel Mannin has written about a cat. Rowena Farrer has written about a seal. That should be quite enough.

Yet now we have Richard Joseph and his beautiful, soft, warm puppy. And I am forced to ask: "Aren't we getting our values a little twisted? Wouldn't it be better for ten thousand puppies to be killed on the road each day than for a single human being to risk his life in swerving to avoid one of them?"

hurricane. The passionate tale it tells exactly matches the weather.

Who is Mr. Hearne? He is aged 30. He grew up in Jamaica. He joined the R.A.F. And he explains his origins like this: "The Hearnes were originally an Irish family but the main stream has received generous tributary streams of Scottish, African, English, French, Jewish, Spanish, and American blood."

In John Hearne the formula has paid off.

★ ★ ★

For a powerful study of West Indians in London I recommend Mr. George Lamming. His novel, *THE EMIGRANTS* (Michael Joseph, 15s.), gives us the men and women on the crowded east-bound ships for whom Britain is the Great Good Place. It is a fine book. But I believe that the book he is working on in his West London flat—note down the title *Of Age and Innocence*—will be still finer.

★ ★ ★

Finally, for a powerful contrast, I recommend Mr. V. S. Naipaul. Mr. Naipaul is only 23. But his first novel, just published, is the gayest and dearest satire I have read for years.

Its title: *THE MASSEUR* (Dent, 12s. 6d.). Its chief character is a Trinidad Hindu called Ganesh.

Ganesh is a failure at marriage. He cures no one, cures nothing. So he decides to become a mystic instead. Drawing on the last penny of his wife's dowry he buys 300 volumes from the Everyman Library. (Explains Ganesh in *Calypso* English: "If a man read all these books, it go have-nobody to teach him in the line of education. Not even the Governor.") And he puts up an advertisement "Ganesh: Mystic."

The plan works. His advice on spiritual problems is good. He runs his own taxi-service for people who want to consult him. And eventually Ganesh goes for politics with brilliant success. His most effective election poster:

Ganesh is  
Able,  
Nice,  
Energetic,  
Sincere,  
Holy.

But I wonder what poster he would write for names like Eccles or Summerskill?

## Those Calypso novelists put punch into it

WHAT better time could there be to welcome the Calypso novelists?

They are the brilliant young writers from the West Indies who are putting quite as much colour and punch into British writing as Ramadhin and Walcott have brought to British cricket.

And, after all the solemn Fabian talk about the Colonies, they provide the corrective: they actually criticise their fellow West Indians; they refuse to accord awe respect to everyone who doesn't happen to be white.

Who are they, these Calypso authors?

For a powerful story I recommend Mr. John Hearne. His new novel, *FACES OF LOVE* (Faber, 15s.), is set in the West Indies. It begins in the hot sun and comes to its climax in a

# NATIONALISATION? "NATURALLY"

NATIONALISATION, apart from being an ugly word, seemed, until the last few weeks, to have been generally agreed to be a pretty ugly idea.

Then, curiously, out of the blue, Sir Hartley Shawcross, followed by Mr. Richard Stokes erupted in print with a blistering attack on the idea that it would be good to nationalise the chemical and the cement industries.

Until their speeches, nobody thought that anybody was even considering a nationalising these industries. But surely two socialist leaders of this calibre were not speaking merely in order to enjoy the melodious sounds of their own voices?

The truth, according to Mr. Aneurin Bevan's "Tribune," is that the Labour Party will shortly issue a policy statement calling for a nationalisation programme of considerable extent. Sir Hartley and Mr. Stokes, it seems, were making sure of getting the first word in.

Whether or not "Tribune" is entirely right—and the people who make it their business to distribute political tips seemed

to be a little confused about this—it does appear that the Labour Party is in the throes of a serious debate on the problem.

Unluckily, perhaps, this debate began to become public just as the National Coal Board published its annual report. Now there has never been very much serious debate about the desirability of taking the coal industry under public ownership. At the time the deed was done the coal industry was in a bad way. It had to be saved and

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The directors admitted that they were under a statutory obligation to discuss the question with consumer bodies set up under the act and, therefore, they refrained from saying how much the increase would be. They seemed, however, to regard these consultations as rather formal in kind since they made it quite plain that there would most certainly be some increase.

Critics of nationalisation have not hesitated to point out that the Government is not doing much for the machinery of "consultation" which was supposed to give the consumer rights which he would never have had under private enterprise.

The board's case for an increase is that it expects that new obligations placed upon it by the Government (such as the obligation to compensate people whose houses have been undermined) will cost it about \$15 million and that wage increases will cost about \$10 million.

It expects to do financially next year as well as it did this and increases in efficiency—the result of vast capital expenditure—are expected to pay off to some extent. So the board will not be in the hole to the full amount of its new costs.

But the Labour Party is not yet quite certain if it means

—"Naturally, Yes"

or

—"Naturally, No"

Anyway, it seems difficult for anyone to tell just how much the new obligations or the wage increases will cost. The board, however, is taking no chances.

And the public, it seems, has no power to induce it to take a chance.

British European Airways, another nationalised company, landed itself in the fires of public debate this week by dropping the Union Jack from its timetables and publicity brochures.

This the corporation explained candidly was necessitated by the fact that the Union Jack is not popular in some parts of the world and that literature bearing it tended, therefore, to get stacked discreetly behind that bearing more popular symbols.

Naturally, the public did not take kindly to the suggestion that the flag should be nailed down. The correspondence columns of "The Times" bristled with indignation.

Curiously, the corporation admitted that it still paints the flag on its aircraft. It seems, therefore, that the customer who may have avoided the flag when he was reading his timetable must necessarily come face to face with it as he boards the plane—the very moment when the more uneasy sort of traveller is, anyhow, wondering whether it would be better to go by ocean.

And one of the corporation's bosses, taxed by a reporter, said the suggestion that the word "British" might be dropped from the company's name was "absolute nonsense."

Perhaps the assumption is that many customers cannot read—even though it must be assumed that they can recognise the flag. But if they cannot read, what are they doing with the timetable anyway?

SOMEONE said last week that a couple of undergraduates at an Oxford college hall tucked into their beer and downed between them 35 pints in 70 minutes.

This, they modestly thought, might be a record.

Some people, as a correspondence column dispute in "The Times" revealed, thought it was an outrage.

And, about the same time, a Mr. G. L. Walker, vice-president of the Oxford Hotels and Boarding Establishments Association, was deciding that the undergraduate was very far gone indeed.

He sometimes, said Mr. Walker, did not pay his bills.

He held noisy parties and broke things. And—horror of horrors—women had been seen going into and (happily) emerging from university establishments after midnight.

A thoroughly bad show, in Mr. Walker's view.

Naturally, the University Marshal, a Mr. W. R. Skinner sprang to the defence of outraged youth and proclaimed that the Oxford man was as virtuous, industrious, and well-mannered as ever.

The intriguing thing is that this debate which is as old and as widespread as universities themselves should have made headlines. Big headlines.

The "Daily Telegraph" was so concerned about it that it actually sent a reporter to Cambridge to see whether things were as bad there.

The significance of it seems to be that, now that the taxpayer is both financing the universities and providing the student with funds, the public seems to expect that the undergraduate will be a model of a decorum devoted to his books, obedient to his masters, kind to boarding housekeepers, and punctual in the payment of his debts.

## THE WORST

Whatever happens, it seems the worst is yet to come....

A woman in court this week testified that her husband, who was a Communist, frightened her by threatening to have her deported to Siberia when he became Commissioner of Deptford.

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by OSBERT LANCASTER

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## Mink, millionaires and Miss Bassey

by PETER BUCHAN



Shirley Bassey—too early to think of marriage...

SHIRLEY BASSEY took a mink stole from a hanger and slid it over her knee-length dressing-gown.

"See," she said. "Mink, lovely mink."

The girl who used to earn £3 a week wrapping parcels in a Cardiff factory and now gets £30,000 a year as a singer spun round to show off the stole and inched luxuriously into its deep collar.

"I don't think it's bad for a girl to buy herself a mink when she is twenty, do you?"

"And no help from millionaires or anyone like that. All my own work."

I asked how millionaires came into it.

Miss Bassey crept lower into the mink. "There was a lot of talk about me and a millionaire in America."

And wasn't there any millionaire?

"Oh, yes. There was a millionaire all right. In Hollywood. But millionaires aren't easy to catch these days. Not when they are thirty-two, anyway. And this one is thirty-two."

"You have to realise that when a millionaire is thirty-

two and not married they know what it is all about. They have grown wary. They usually have a family to keep an eye on them as well."

### It's confusing

Miss Bassey slid out of the mink, stroked it reverently, and hung it back on her dressing-room wall.

"Still, it's too early to think of marriage, at twenty-one."

I said I thought she had just said she was twenty.

"I am. But I am also twenty-one. I'm twenty because that is how old I am. I'm twenty-one in America because that is how old I have to be to get work there."

Isn't that confusing?

"Yes. But it means I'll be twenty-one for two years instead of one. I won't feel old so quickly."

"I've fixed twenty-five as the age to get married. I think that is the best age. If I'm not married by the time I am thirty I'll give up hope."

"Hey, I'm talking like an old spinster already. Anybody would think I'm worried about not getting married."

### Dramatic rise

"And that waiting-untill-I'm-thirty-five stuff doesn't really count. I'd get married tomorrow if I got a good offer."

"But I'm wary too. I want someone who will marry me for me. Not for my money or my reflected limelight."

Miss Bassey has found the limelight with dramatic sudden-

ness. Just before she shot to cabaret stardom last September she was asked at a morning cocktail party what she would like to drink.

Miss Bassey said: Port.

Her escort expressed mild surprise. Miss Bassey confessed. It was the only drink she knew.

Now, nine months later, she is an established star in Copenhagen, Paris, Hollywood, New York, and Las Vegas.

She has been in Britain for only four weeks. Now she has started touring the world again—first in Stockholm, on round Europe then back to Las Vegas, New York, Chicago, Miami.

Has the prospect of all this made her feel any different from the girl who wrapped parcels?

"Of course I'm different. I wouldn't be singing in those places if I hadn't changed. But I think inside I'm the same."

"It's just that my heritage"—her father is a West Indian, her mother from Yorkshire—"is coming out. All those tom-toms and things."

Shirley Bassey is undoubtedly at her best singing blues numbers and, more recently, calypsos.

Her first calypso recording—of the *Jamaica Boat Song*—put her into the top 10 in the record best-selling lists a few weeks ago—first girl to get there for four months.

Her latest record—*If I Had a Needle and Thread* (Philips P.B. 673, 78 r.p.m.)—is not likely to repeat that success. She has tried a gimmick—a swoop upwards at the end of each phrase—which doesn't come off.

I have no doubt, though, that when the next British girl gets to the top of the disc list parade her name will be Shirley Bassey.

### A gimmick

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## The LOGAN GOURLAY personality page



JANET LEIGH—Happy and Successful

## Mr. CURTIS GETS HIS COMPLEXES ADJUSTED

### Show Business

TONY CURTIS tooted a few bars on a flute, put it down with loving care, and said: "I bought it about five months ago and I'm teaching myself with a *Time a Day For The Flute Manual*. I find it very soothing."

I asked Mr Curtis, who has been one of the many Hollywood psychiatric patients, if flute-playing had been recommended as part of the treatment.

"No. It's just that I always wanted to play a musical instrument."

"I started going to the psychiatrist because I was pretty mixed up. I've just made a film called *The Sweet Smell of Success*. But I wasn't very sweet for me at the beginning."

"It came too quickly. And it was tough for me to get properly adjusted. It wasn't that I had any big complexes or anything. But I certainly needed help and advice. I was pretty irresponsible. I didn't face up to fact."

"Do you now?"

"Um O.K. I took the full three-year treatment. It helped me tremendously. It was also a kind of college course for me."

"Started me reading the right books, and so on. You see, I never had much education."

himself. Anthony Adverse after the first book he had read. He pointed out that psychiatry had also helped in his marriage.

His wife Janet Leigh, who was present, nodded an earnest affirmation.

For 32-year-old Mr Curtis it is his first marriage, and he has said it will be the only one (which a Hollywood wit has described as "a desperate attempt to be original").

For 29-year-old Miss Leigh it is her third marriage, but definitely the last. Her first happened when she was only 14 ("I didn't know what it was all about") and her second when she was 18.

They were both of short duration. But her marriage to Curtis has lasted six years, and now (with the aid of psychiatry) they rejoice in the title of Hollywood's Happiest Couple. And they are among the most successful, of course.

Mr Curtis, who gave his name to that hair-style and who was once called the Baron of Beefcake, is now flexing the muscles of an acting talent. He earns about \$50,000 a year in a film. Miss Leigh is not far behind.

They are in London for a new film, *The Winner*, in which they will appear together and end up in each other's arms—which is right and proper.

With their daughter, Kelly, aged 11 months, the Curtises are installed in one of the Dorchester's new penthouse suites.

A suite that, of course, is heavy with the sweet smell of success. And domestic felicity. It is also filled with the ready

sound of flautist Curtis playing a tune a day.

His favourite: *Burk's Works*.

### EX-HUSBAND

—no ill-will

MICHAEL WILDING, back in London from Hollywood, had a few words to say about that other Mike, now married to Elizabeth Taylor (who used to be Mrs Wilding).

"I don't hate him or anything like that. On the contrary I like him immensely. He's certainly an unusual character."

And Mr Wilding is certainly an unusual ex-husband.

### THE BOSSES

—and actors

LAURENCE OLIVIER has done it. So has Joan Clements. Donald Wolfst is always doing it.

And now Jack Hawkins is planning to venture into actor-management. He has found a new play, comedy-drama, which he will present next season. It's as yet untitled and uncensored except for Mr Hawkins.

He told me: "I was so impressed when I read it I decided to risk some money putting it on."

Hawkins is just back from Ceylon, where he has been filming *The Bridge Over the River Kwai* with Alec Guinness and William Holden.

Before the play he has another film assignment. He will play (not for the first time) a Scotland Yard man in *Gideon's Day*, directed by Hollywood's John Ford.

Hawkins, who staunchly remains one of our top film stars, will, I reckon, earn about £50,000 from both films.

Which is enough to back two or three *West End* plays.

### A TIARA

—but no title

THERE were several titled ladies at the Café de Paris last week when Elizabeth Taylor, just back from Hollywood, had a few words to say about that other Elizabeth, who used to be Mrs Wilding.

But there was only one tiara on display. It was on the head of—Sabrina.



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## Miss Mercouri defines a kiss . . .

And, as usual, the Greeks have a word for it

I REPORT with considerable amazement that the Rank Organisation—whose girls are usually tempests in a teapot—has imported from Greece an actress as all-electric as the latest kitchen—and paid for her a sum of money reputed to be in the region of £15,000.

Her name is Melina Mercouri. She is a kind of Sophia Loren with the build of a Katherine Hepburn. Her first film, *Stella*, has brought her offers from all over the world, including Hollywood.

She has come to England to make a costume melodrama called *The Gypsy and the Gentleman*. Miss Mercouri Swanson was one of the English girls originally considered for the part, but if she had been given it they would, presumably, have had to re-title the film *The Lady and The Gentleman*.

I met Miss Mercouri this week at a party given for her at her home by millionaire Greek shipowner John Gatsis.

Her acting, I told her, comes close to incandescence. She explained to me how she does it. (Mr Rank's Young Ladies, please listen.) "Sex," said Miss Mercouri, "is not a matter of tight dresses and décolleté. You must credit men with having some imagination."

"It is not a matter of striptease: that is for children and American tourists. It is not so much a matter of being interesting to men as being interesting by men. There are many actresses who get as if they are their only audience;

when they are making love they are fascinated by themselves and not by their lover.

"It is like eating—if you sit picking at your food without appetite you spoil everybody else's appetite, too."

The following day I had lunch with Miss Mercouri and her English producer, Maurice Cowan. She did not sit picking at her food; she ate voraciously, instructing the waiter to bring her lots of fattening things.

"I need many carbohydrates," she explained, "I burn up so much energy."

SO OBVIOUS

Producer Cowan started to tell me the story of his film. He said there were two men in her life. One was the man she drives to distraction and marriage; the other was... well, her friend.

"What do you mean 'friend'?" snapped Miss Mercouri. "he is my lover."

"Well, it doesn't stipulate that in the script," said the producer uneasily. "It just says you are friendly."

"Friendly," snorted Miss Mercouri, "with a man like

that in a situation like that—obviously we are lovers, whatever the script says or doesn't say. Anyway, that is how I play it; otherwise it is not plausible. That, you see, is the difference between the English and the Greek. With us a kiss is an explosion; there is no such thing as a goodnight kiss—you either mean it or you don't."

"All right," said Mr Cowan, "he is your lover—if you insist."

Having settled that to every body's satisfaction, I inquired about Miss Mercouri's real-life emotional attachments. On this subject she was more reticent.

Producer Cowan helped her out. "She is married to a Greek business man," he said, "but she goes abroad to pursue her career. She has been acting in the theatre in Paris and has made a film for Jules Dassin."

Would she marry again?

Miss Mercouri said: "I have to be careful, because my religion only allows me to be married three times. Which means I have only two marriages left...."

★ ★ ★



MELINA MERCOURI  
There is no such thing as a good-night peck.

### COWARD ROLE

MICHAEL WILDING has come back from Hollywood where he lost his wife, his hair and some of his standing as an actor. But not any of his imperturbability.

Said Wilding: "It is true that Hollywood didn't do much for me, but then I didn't do much for Hollywood. I'm not bitter about anything, though. I've always made a lot of money and never had any; I'm in the same position now."

"I don't think of my career as falling or rising—and 'career' is a rather pompous term. I think, to apply to my efforts—I just speak the lines someone has written for me. When they are good lines, everyone says what a clever chap that Michael Wilding is, how very amusing; when they are bad lines, they say 'what a dull dog'."

"I admit I've had some bad lines lately. But I don't have any regrets about anything."

Wilding is here to take over Sir John Gielgud's role in Noel Coward's *Nude With Violoncello*.

Before he opens in the play on June 24, he plans to visit his children who are now with their mother, Elizabeth Taylor, in the South of France.

Said Wilding about his ex-wife, "She is an extremely nice girl and very amusing. I still like her very much."

It was she who had proposed to him, he said, which indicates what a casual fellow Mr Wilding is.

He added as an afterthought: "I turned her down, too; I said she was too young for me."

Maybe he was right.

### NOT ECSTATIC

ALEC GUINNESS is to make a film of Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* in which he plays a mortuary attendant at Hollywood's Forest Lawn cemetery (which used to advertise: "Sleep with the Stars at Forest Lawn").

I can't say I'm exactly ecstatic at the prospect of watching Alec Guinness embalming the dead.



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Styled for Autumn and Winter



Designed for autumn-winter 1957-1958, "Belotte" from Pierre Bellet is a checked woollen ensemble. The loose three-quarter length jacket is highlighted with a wide black leather belt and buttoned-up mandarin collar.

— Agence France-Presse.

## WHAT IS THE MAGIC OF THE WOMAN OF FORTY?

By Sylvia Lamond

London. WAS there ever a time when men found older women so fascinating? When that old comforter "Life begins at forty" was so incredibly true?

At every party and social event of the year the women who drag an adoring queue of men after them... carelessly, like a sable stole... are the women we once called "matrons."

The woman around 40 attracts the photographers every time from her younger rivals. Men leap to light her cigarette, to get her another glass of champagne, to dance with her.

They are under her spell—and blooming youth could stay quietly at home for all the delicious impact it is making. If you think I am out of my mind, and over the names which glitter most brightly: Mrs. John Ward, Mrs. Ian Fleming, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Mrs. John, Profumo, Fonteyn and Markov; the Ladies... Olivier, Seidler, Lowson, Shawcross, the Duchesses of Argyll and Bedford.

## ENDLESS LIST

The list of the Fabulous Forties (or very nearly forties) is endless.

Who are the magnetic young names? There are very few which spring quickly to mind—unlike the 1920's and 1930's, when the bright young things had it all their own way.

Where is the dazzler with more than sheer youth and a rose in her hair, who can hold a candle to the woman whose hair—but for the grace of a Mayfair coiffeur—would be turning peacefully grey?

Half those world-weary young men who escort the debs say that they would much sooner be escorting the debs' mother!

At coming-out dances it is the women who have settled down to have a quiet gossip among themselves—having first taken the precaution of dressing to kill—who are besieged by men begging them to dance.

MRS JOHN WARD had the experience of lunching one of her daughter's boy-friends to smooth over a rift between them, and landing herself with a much rickier situation: the boyfriend fell Byronically in love with mother.

It has reached the point where a girl who has passed the age of dancing pumps and minidress, but isn't yet nudging 40, feels something of an awkward in-between.

## MATURED ATTRACTION

Why is it that so many men find the older woman attractive? I went to the men to find out.

LAURENCE HARVEY (soon to leave the handsome bachelor list when he marries Margaret Leighton, 8 years his senior)—"The older woman must be purring with delight. It couldn't ever have been easier to outshine the young—who seem today to revel in being puddings—physical and mental puddings without any lovely juicy fruit inside."

"The saddest, greyest thing about this country is that we don't have any young dazzlers. In any age, I think I would always find the mature woman more attractive. Her experience smooths the way."

"She knows exactly what to do, socially. It is a bore looking after a gauche girl, unless a man is a dedicated Romeo. She wears beautiful clothes... young girls may have the

clothes, but so often wear them in a tasteless, appalling way. "She talks which exhilarates and recharges a man. Whoever has it, around that man only want to be listened to, was a half-wit."

DOMINIC ELWES (son of artist Simon Elwes), who survived 80 deb dances last season—"Mothers are more stunning than the debs every time. They have the three vital things: Good Looks, Wit, and that terrific Poise which acts as an exciting challenge. The clumsy girl who flings her arms round your neck can't compare."

The only beautiful young girls at the moment seem to be models—and most of them can't write their own name. Their magnetism goes shut once you try to talk to them."

NICHOLAS EGON, painter of beautiful women—"A woman with the vitality and determination to survive the battle with youth into her forties is then the most fascinating kind of woman."

"She has learned everything about how to present herself. Alicia Markova is a great example. She came to a party at my studio and sat in a corner—every bone in her body beautifully composed."

## GENUINE POISE

"Much prettier younger women were there—Fiona Campbell Walter, with that gorgeous red hair was one—but Markova stole the show. She has that cool poise, no the cold, empty poise of a woman, but the genuine thing, suggesting banked-down fires and passions."

"It's the old man-trap known as 'the mystery of woman'—which few women have."

The modern girl tends to cut off her hair and behave like a playful kitten which soon becomes boring."

JAMES LAVER, fashion and beauty historian—"Older women make much more of their leisure and pleasure—they give more to it. "Girls in their early 30's are a very serious-minded lot these days. They are so keen on careers, charity work, and bringing up their children (even when they can afford nannies) they don't give themselves time to enjoy the sheer vanity of being feminine."

"The older woman often has this relaxed awareness, which is a compelling attraction for men."

## ROMANTIC BREAK

My own view is that the older woman was lucky enough to enjoy that lush pre-war life when romance had a fair chance, when women were cherished, put on a pedestal, and could scarcely help growing up to feel desirable; when a man put his mind to romance wholeheartedly—the way he now puts it to raising the mortgage or checking his income tax.

Women under 35 today have had a raw deal. No femme has had a fair chance to learn about being female. Here is the suggestion I put to them. Give your women the big romantic break. Slip the thought into their minds occasionally that for them you could write poetry, cross decorate, or turn to drink. That's the manpower which makes a woman radiate. Ask the woman of Forty!

## WE MISS THE VANISHING DINNER JACKET...

—Says Amanda Marshall

WHEN do most women look absolutely at their best? Discounting a certain purely Anglo-Saxon type that looks staggering in tweeds, Miss Pat Smythe who looks breathtaking when dressed for riding a horse and Miss Brigitte Bardot who seems to be dressed for the beach, that permanently more or less leaves the rest of us and we usually look, feel and are at our best when dressed for a party.

English women, in particular, blossom in the most extraordinary way when accounted for battle in full-skirted satin tips and six-button white kid gloves.

## THE ONE FACTOR

But no matter what the context, no amount of door and fluttering subdued lighting sets a party-dressed woman off so well as the one factor that is now, more often than not, missing—a man similarly dressed to kill.

Just as women have thankfully retreated from the full formality of down-to-ground hemlines into the chic comfort of the short evening dress, so have men more and more given up the effort of changing into a dinner-jacket for evenings out.

Covent Garden has for long been about the only grand opera house in Western Europe where you find the bizarre juxtaposition of diamond-twinkling women sitting next to polo-necked men in the red plush stalls. And now the last bastion has fallen—the "400" Club, in the name of "a more leisurely way of life," has agreed to make evening dress optional.

What a waste of Englishmen—where almost every other nationality in dinner-jacket-and-black-tie has the faintest possible look of the most expensive kind of head waiter, the Englishman so garbed looks supremely elegant, infinitely glamorous, infinitely correct.

No one, I might add, wants the really good-looking Englishman to go too far. Everyone

A BIZARRE juxtaposition of diamond-twinkling women and polo-necked men...



who has ever attended a Hunt Ball or a party in Scotland, crammed with 10ft-tall Highlanders in lace and jewels and velvet and heaven knows what, knows that on such occasions the women have the strongest habit of simply fading from sight. Much the same thing occurs when the well-built Englishman puts on white tie and tails and adds a whole lot of Orders and Decorations; against such opposition only a 17-year-old ravishing beauty in 60 yards of white tulle can be seen at all.

When your hostess hastily warns you on the telephone, "Don't bother to dress," what she really means is: "You dress up to the nines because I shall and so will all the other women, but all the men will just look as though they've had a hard day at the office."

## SAD SIGHT

I thought one of the saddest sights around the really ritzy New York late-night clubs and restaurants was the absolutely unvarying pattern of dress-up-or-bust women accompanied by come-as-you-are office-suited men, as crumpled and dispirited as yesterday's newspapers.

Even the contemporary heroes have stopped looking as though they even own a dinner jacket. Think of such a thing on Presley, or Brando, or Tommy Steele, and if Richard Burton ever climbs out of workaday clothes, they find a nice suit of gold-plated armour for him to change into.

Only the Old Masters know how to wear formal evening dress with the proper air—Maximilian Sargent, Laurence Olivier, James

Mason, Clive Brook and, of end a dinner jacket have a good deal in common. If women are to resign themselves to tagging around in fine leathers for the evening, closely followed by something that looks like a feline from a board-meeting, or even worse, a long country hike, then the least men can do is make up for it in some more subtle manner.

Mr Laurie Lee, the poet, recently had to get special dispensation to attend the Cannes Film Festival soires in a corduroy jacket, not possessing the dinner variety. But Mr Lee is one of the small company of gentlemen blessed with that special, never-to-be-believed, wholly irresistible gift for making each and every woman feel that she alone is a perfectly delightful combination of Juliet, Cleopatra and Marilyn Monroe—and such men may wear anything they please, as far as I am concerned, for they please me.

Less skilled and experienced hands at the gentle art of charming would find that the occasional dinner jacket is received with a great deal of gratitude from any dressed-up woman who knows that like a prize pearl, she looks best next to perfect black and white.

—(London Express Service).

## The Body-line Is Definitely Out

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

I THINK Miss Dors and Miss Ekberg did it between them. They killed the fashion for showing an awful lot of body.

Men may deplore it and pretty girls regret it, but the decade of the plunge, the cleavage, the midriff, and the skin-tight tube is going, going, gone. (Come to think of it, it's exactly 10 years since the first plunge came in with Dior's New Look; and 10 years is the life of a fashion.)

I don't say the new summer clothes are dreary—they're anything but.

But they're not at all blatant. They suggest you have a figure without revealing a cent of flesh.

FOR EVENING, the will-power dress is definitely waning. You can safely breathe out the halter top is power, or shoulders covered with a swath of chiffon. If anything is bare, it will be your back.

FOR DAY, the wolf-whistle dress is the one that's dying. Out goes the knitted tube dress that clings like a wet glove. You never felt happy in it. Out goes the low-cut cotton dress that's pretty enough for the seaside, but never looked smart in a town.

In come masses of floating skirt-dresses that don't cling anywhere, that cover your arms and are high at the neck.

FOR HOLIDAYS, it's a cover-up story again. I don't mean I'd recommend those freak Edwardian bathing suits with legs and sleeves. They are not, uncomfortable, and silly.

But the knitted mullet, the sarong playuit, the halter-top dress—these look newer than the bikini and the eternal strapless cotton dress which had to be boned.

Don't know how you feel about all this respectability. I do know you'll be furious when your husband, having an American magazine, "When

flowers won't do...and diamonds are impossible." I can't think of a single occasion myself when I would have to fling a diamond back in the giver's teeth.

I don't go much for asking actresses for beauty tips. You only get the same old corn.

But Nadia, the lovely Indian film star, now in London, is so graceful in her walk and movements that I asked her how Eastern women acquire their carriage.

She said: "It's partly our dress, and partly our shyneas. European women are too bristly and confident to be graceful. "If, when you lift your hand to say hello or good-bye, there's a little shyneas in your gesture, your hand immediately falls into a delicate shape."

"Then, it is impossible to walk well in a tight skirt. You just move your legs instead of walking with every muscle in your body."

THE SUCCESS STORY OF THE WEEK: Sybil Connolly has signed up for two new commissions. One: to dress Ann Todd for a Broadway play, *Four Winds*, about a Poor Little Millionaire. Two: to design a uniform for an Irish convent school. What versatility!

MY FAVOURITE QUOTE OF THE WEEK: "No father or mother grudge the expense of coming-out, but all the ornament is to be dispensed."—Mr Henry Thackeray

MY FAVOURITE AD OF THE WEEK: (A lipstick ad in an American magazine): "When all the circulation."

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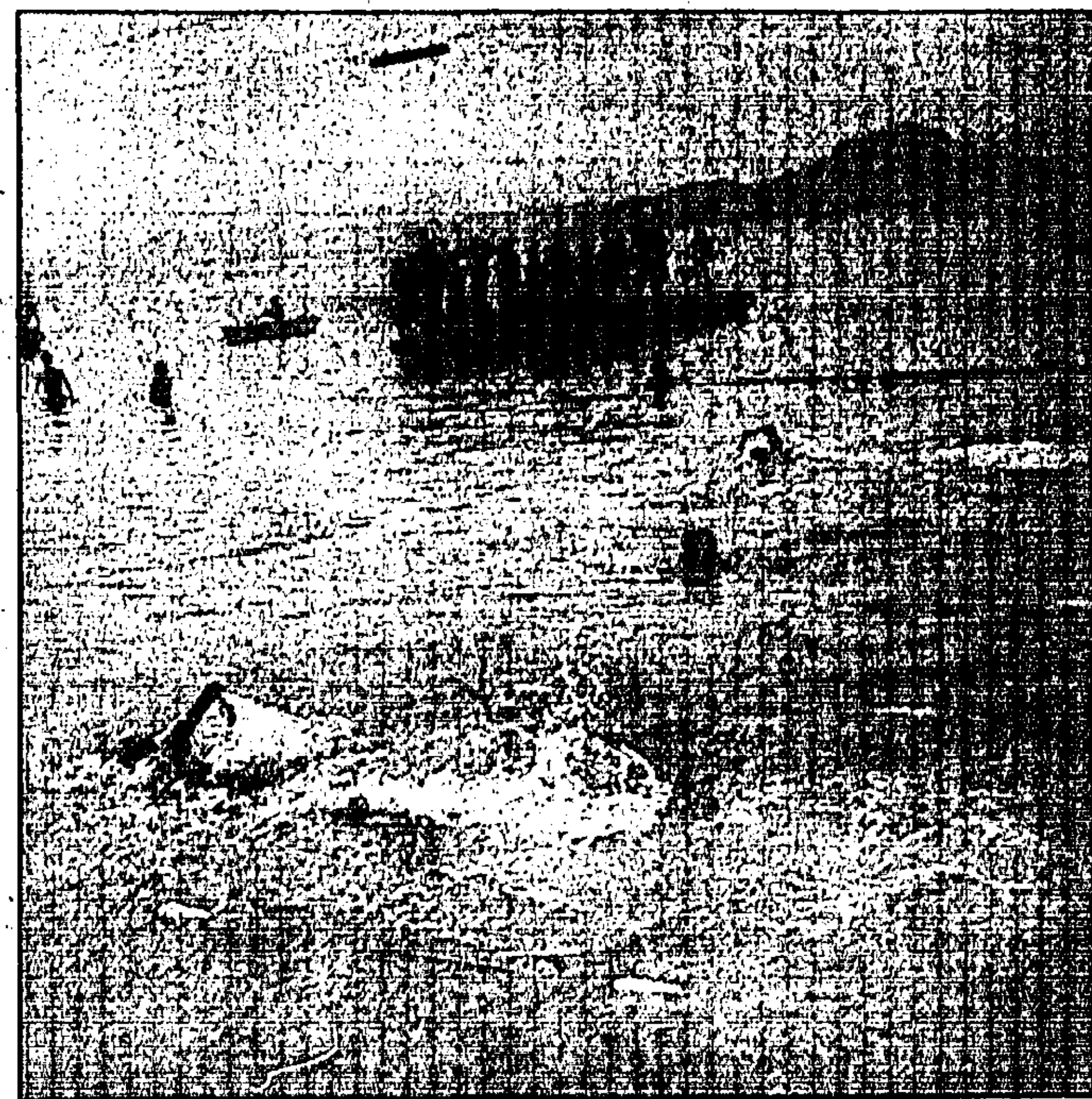
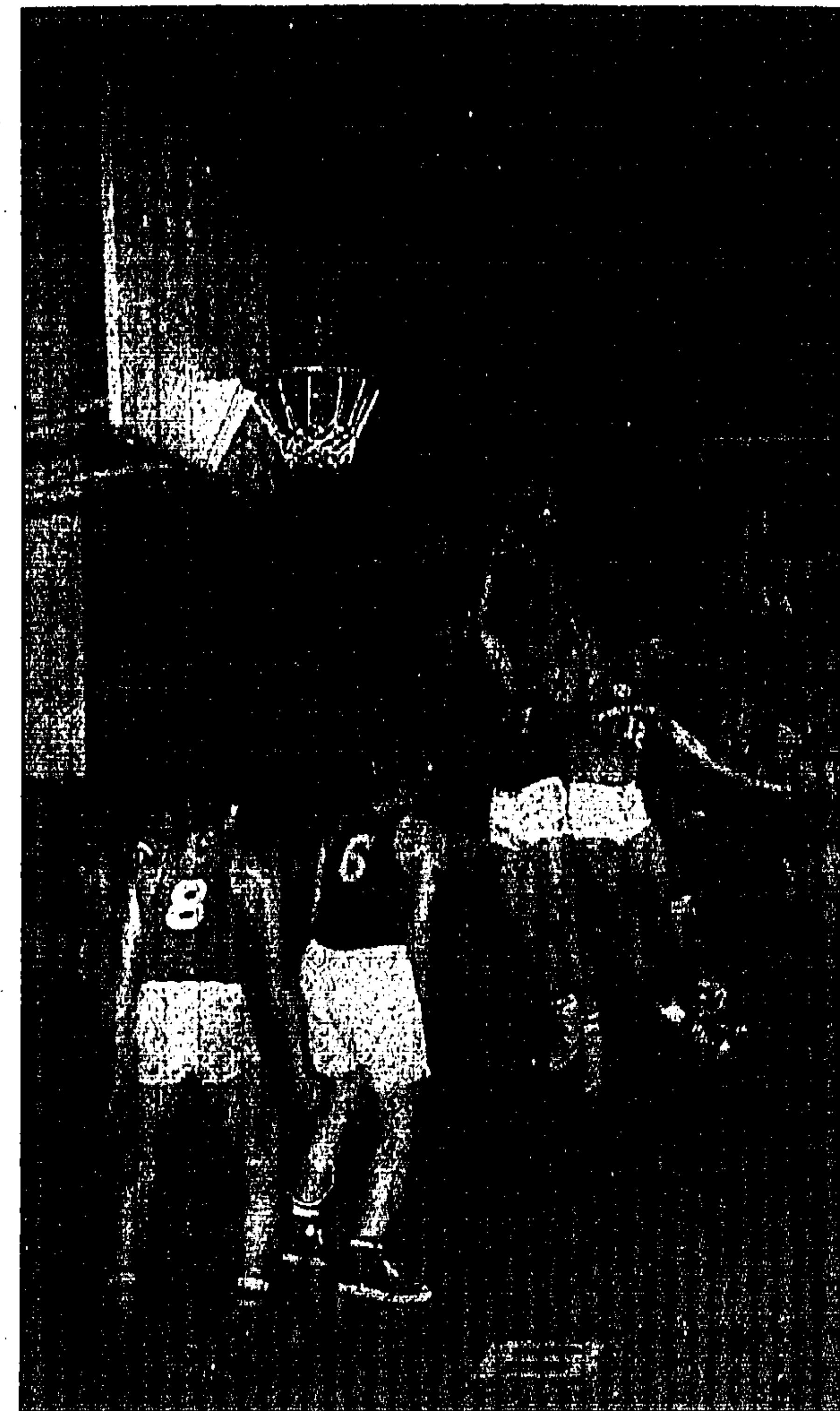
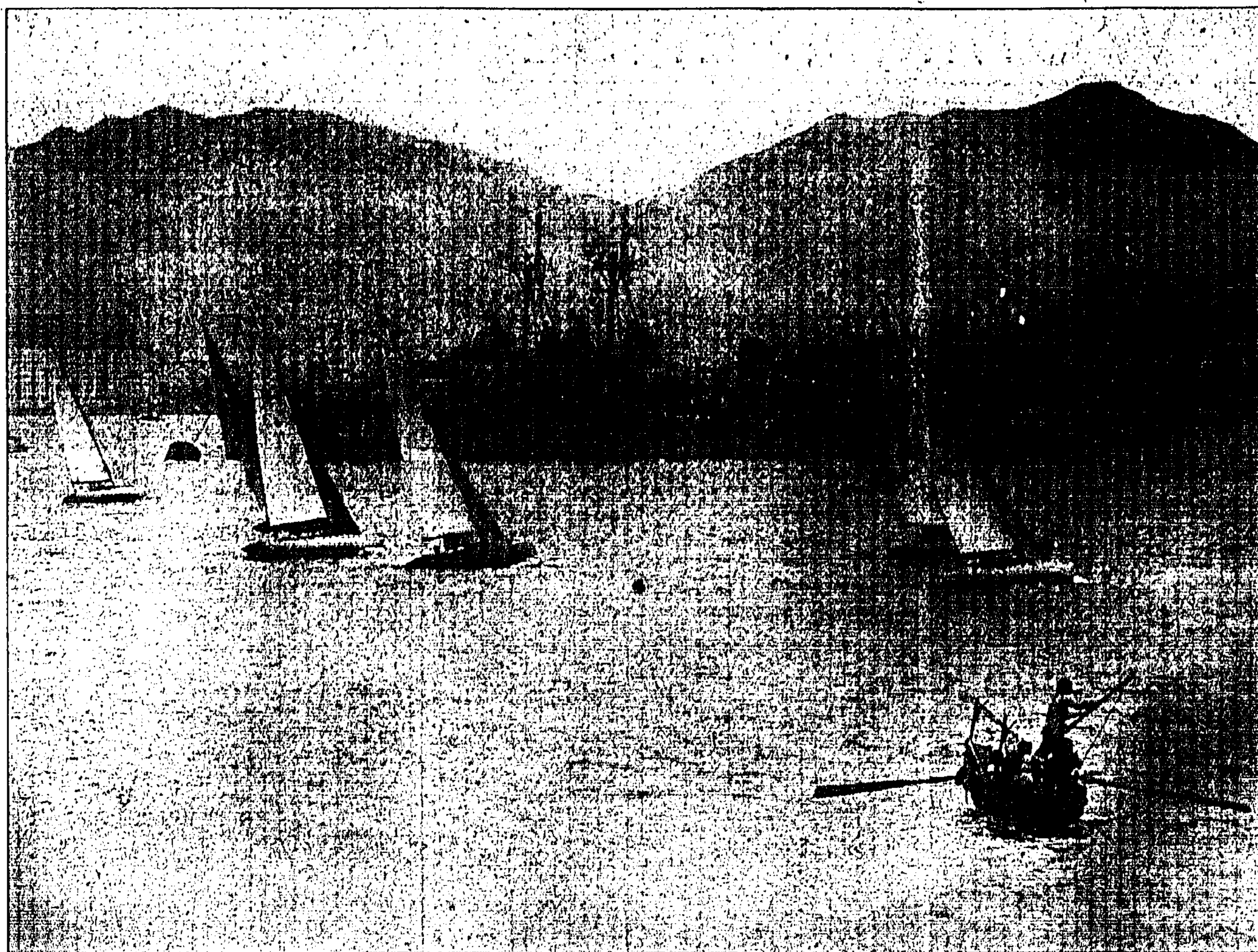
## THE SMALLEST ITEM ON YOUR BUDGET

Modern living requires so many items of expenditure for health and enjoyment. How much do you spend a year for going to the movies, the dances, the races, or to see other entertainments? The total, to be sure, must be quite a large sum.

And how much do you spend each year for the proper care of your eyes? Is it not the smallest and yet the most important item on your annual budget? You can easily eliminate some of the items for enjoyment during the year, but not this item for a visit to an oculist or a qualified optician.

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**MOVEMENT** Whether it was Dragons racing over the bay for the Yacht Club's closing regatta, or the final of CAS Basketball Knockout competition, children at the Portuguese National Day reception, the streamlined Au sisters, backstroke champions at the Inter-school swimming finals, or the first gymkhana of the "Vespa" club, it was a week to be energetic before that long summer laze sets in. (Staff Photographers)



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Elizabeth Hoffman emerges from Rosary Church as Mrs. Edward Carmo.

BELOW: New diesel electric locomotive joins the Colony fleet. (Staff Photographers)



ABOVE: The USAF Band is met at Kai Tak.  
LEFT: Other recent arrivals in the Colony.  
BELOW: The Governor and Mr Fung Ping Fan at the USAF Band Promico. (Staff Photographers)



The arrival of Rupert the bulbous-nosed Globemaster brought in 66 members of the United States Air Force Band for four popular charity concerts at the Football Stadium.  
BELOW: Girls of the Po Kok Free School sit at the YMCA ready to go on stage for their display of Indian dancing. (Staff photographer)



Canon Ernest Martin (Rector), Mr Ip Tai Chin (President) and Mr Tsang Wah Tsun (Vice-President) at St Stephen's College Old Boys' dinner. (Staff Photographer)



Not yet a match — though their shirts come pretty close to it. Miss Li Li-hwa was seen off at Kai Tak by Ylon Tsun.  
LEFT: Mr S. S. Knowles, HK Government Press Officer, and Dr W. Eckhardt at the cocktail party given by the German Consul-General Dr Dittmann for visiting German journalists. (Staff Photographer)



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Top left—Reform Club retained its seat and leading exponent Brook Bernacchi after a second election. Below—Children of the Juvenile Care Centre celebrate its 9th year. Right—HK Regiment 'Butt-markers' just celebrate. (Staff Photographers)

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## THE CAT'S EYE BREED

## Men who could see in the dark

Books of the war

THE German High Command was worried. It seemed that Britain had bred a new type of fighter pilot—men with the eyes of cats who could see in the dark.

Night after night, Hitler's bombers were being sent in waves over London. It was against the laws of nature that the British flyers could pick them out so accurately and shoot them down from the night skies. Yet it was happening.

One name in particular stood out from among the airmen who were defending London, so successfully—the name of John Cunningham. No German bomber was safe once it got in his range, even though the skies were black and moonless. The British newspapers explained his air victories simply. He was a pilot with remarkable night vision, they said.

The Germans believed it—for a time. But then they found that they were coming up against too many men with this same "remarkable night vision."

Today, Group Captain Cunningham, now a famous chief test pilot of a leading aircraft firm, is trying in vain to live down the nickname of "cat's eye." Cunningham, which has stuck to him ever since World War II. For there is, and never was, anything abnormal about his night vision. The secret of the night skies lay in a small black box which introduced radar into Britain's fighter aircraft and helped to save her cities from destruction.

## New War

This story of how it enabled pilots to see in the dark is told in a new book, "Night Fighter" (published by Collins—18 shillings) by C. F. Rawnsley and Robert Wright. Rawnsley was navigator to Cunningham in the team which showed the way in the development of this new form of aerial combat.

When Hitler turned in the winter of 1940-41, from day to night bombing of England's cities, it seemed at first that the air war had taken a turn in a direction in which the Royal Air Force could not follow.

By Dominic Jones

Interception of the German aeroplanes proved virtually impossible, particularly when the German bombers took to coming in cloudy weather. The British fighter patrols flew round helplessly in the immensity of the night while waves of the invisible German bombers lit and stoked up the fires below.

Even when the searchlights caught a bomber in their beams, the fighters could not get there in time, or were themselves caught and blinded by the beam.

Then, suddenly, the mechanics started to introduce a curious jumble of gadgets into the aircraft allocated to night patrols, the vital part of which was a black metal box sprouting knobs and cables.

The "backroom boys," as Britain's wartime scientists were nicknamed, had succeeded in producing a form of airborne radar. From now on, a controller on the ground would direct a fighter into the vicinity of an enemy aircraft until it showed up on the fighter's own radar screen. The radar operator in the aircraft then took over and, issuing a stream of verbal instructions, would try to bring his pilot within visual range of his victim.

All that remained was to shoot him down. At least, that was the theory of it, but it proved vastly more difficult and more complicated than that.

Rawnsley describes the first difficulties they had with the new machine. A slim young civilian radar specialist arrived one day

to give the Squadron its first lecture on Air Interception, as radar was then called.

"Air Interception," he said, "works on the same principle as an ordinary sound echo. You shout 'Boo' across a valley, and after a short interval the echo shouts 'Boo' back at you. You time the interval and knowing the speed of sound you can work out the distance across the valley."

It sounded all so simple, but Mr. Rawnsley's first trial interception had the impression that the target aircraft was taking violent evasive action, for the trace was sliding backwards and forwards across the radar screen.

"Was the target taking much evasion?" he asked.

"None at all. It was flying straight and level," he was told.

Later, he discovered that this weaving was due to the radar operator's over correction in his instructions to his pilot.

Rawnsley tells of the time when he put in a special "Royal performance" for King George VI. The King who was inspecting his squadron paused in front of Rawnsley and asked him his score.

"Nine, sir," Rawnsley replied. "Will you get another one to-night for me?" the King asked.

Later that night, George VI watched on the radar screen at Ground Control as Cunningham and Rawnsley were directed to an enemy radar out at sea. Rawnsley made contact and brought Cunningham close enough for him to see it.

But Cunningham did not want to attack against the shining backcloth of the sea, so he waited.

"Surely it must be one of the rare occasions—if not the only one—on which a member of the staff of a Royal Command performance had kept the audience waiting," writes Rawnsley.

Later, they caught up with the radar, which was a Heinkel, just over the spot where the King was.

"We were right below our target, a great fat prima donna of

a Heinkel," writes Rawnsley. "The guns fired, the Heinkel had not seen its stalker."

"A wicked orange glow appeared inside the fuselage of the Heinkel, and its wheels fell down in the most forlorn way. As we flew alongside watching, the glow burst through the skin and the flames took over. The whole aircraft trembled and broke into a violent pitching, and with a plume of flames stretching out behind it, the Heinkel went into a headlong plunge to earth. The show was over."

The King had seen every minute of the combat and watched the burning aircraft slide from the sky.

## Secret

Gradually, the type of radar set supplied to the night fighter pilots improved. One great improvement was the development of a set capable of operating very much nearer the ground than the earlier types. This enabled the night fighters to go after the German mine-layers and streak raiders.

By the summer of 1943, such had been the development of radar that some of the earlier types were released for use abroad. But all night fighters equipped with the latest models were still forbidden to go over enemy territory.

There were therefore many frustrations, such as chasing an enemy bomber to the coast of France and then having to give up the hunt in case the fighter was brought down and thus revealed the precious secret to the Germans.

Cunningham and Rawnsley stayed together throughout the war. Between them, they won nine British decorations.

Robert Wright served as personal assistant to the Commander-in-Chief of Fighter Command. He did manage to go on to operational flying as a radar navigator for part of the war. He crashed in flames in 1944 and was badly burned. (China Mail Special).

## My lodger, the friendly owl

IN the great valley oaks, in the windswept trees of the mountain, on lonely rocky outcrops, they have their homes. They fly by night and I hear them hooting, but neither I nor anyone else has ever heard the beat of their soft, blunt wings, for the flight of the owl is utterly silent.

by Thurlow Craig

One day very early a shot echoed across the valley and I wondered, for pigeons were still roosting and there are very few pheasants for the poachers hereabouts. But that morning my elder son went fishing, returning almost immediately with a great tawny owl in his arms. Some misguided person, imagining that owls are harmful, had shot it.

The strange bird, watching us with blazing, unblinking eyes, neither struggled nor uttered while the wing was being splinted. Then we stood him on the kitchen shelf where he would be safe from the cats, and he relaxed, eyes closed, the broken wing drooping.

In came Panda, our senior cat, sensing something new. The owl suddenly opened his enormous yellow eyes and emitted a shattering double click like castanets in furious gipsy hands, making us all jump. Panda left hurriedly, whereupon Nolaud, our black tom kitten, presumed to investigate. Another double click sent him flying. So having settled the cat question, the owl closed his eyes again.

## Cat's Meat

Next came the food problem, for owls will not eat domestic food, myxomatosis had finished the rabbits and there were no rats or mice in the house. But Panda, who must have worked out the position for himself, went quietly for a walk, presently returning with a fat field mouse which he laid at my wife's feet. Having rewarded him, she gave it to the owl and that was that.

Every day thereafter for the next three months—unless there were grey squirrels or fresh liver—the cats brought in one or more mice which they left under the owl's shelf; mice which normally they would have eaten themselves.

Slowly the wing mended, and one day the owl quietly hopped upstairs, resting awhile on the top banister. Suddenly he launched himself and glided swiftly down on widespread wings, turning sharp left at the

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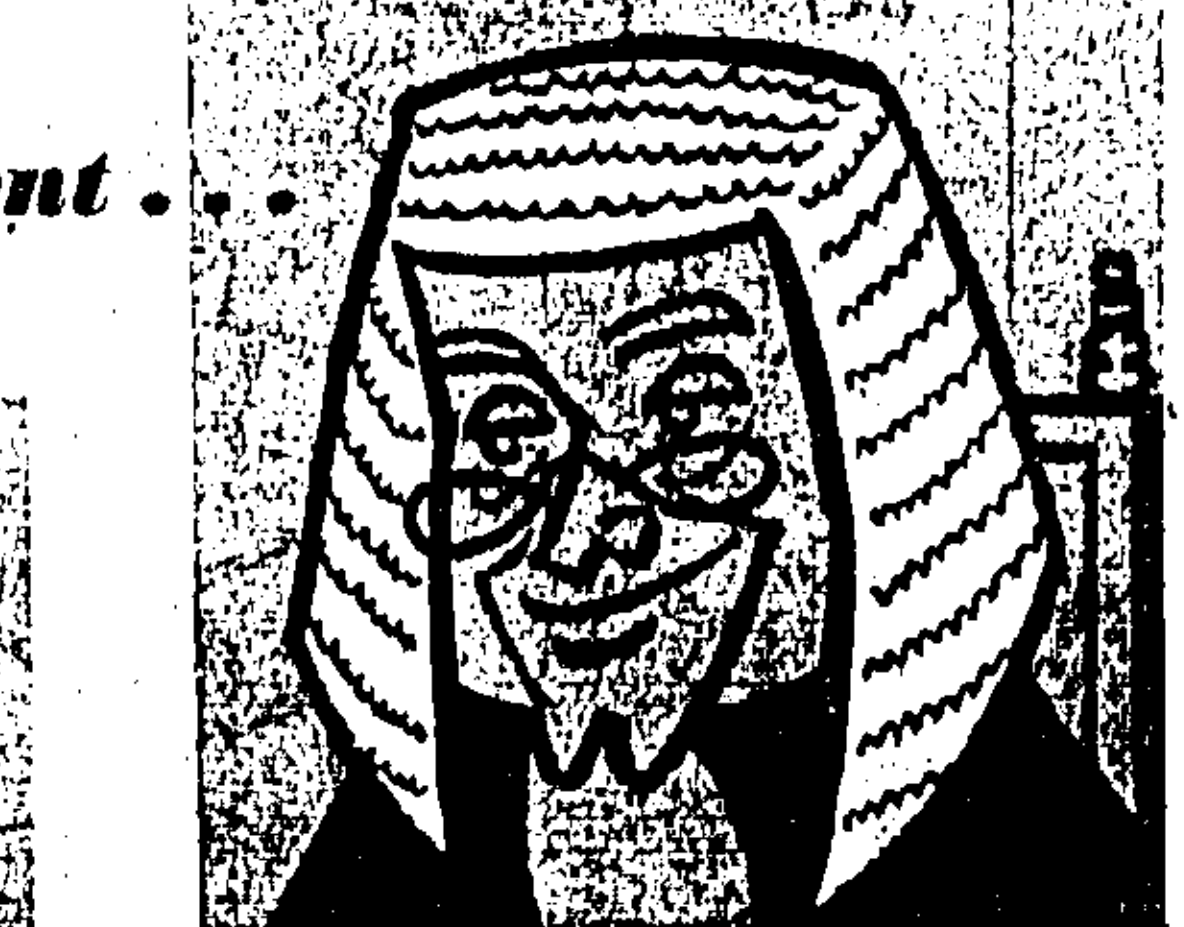
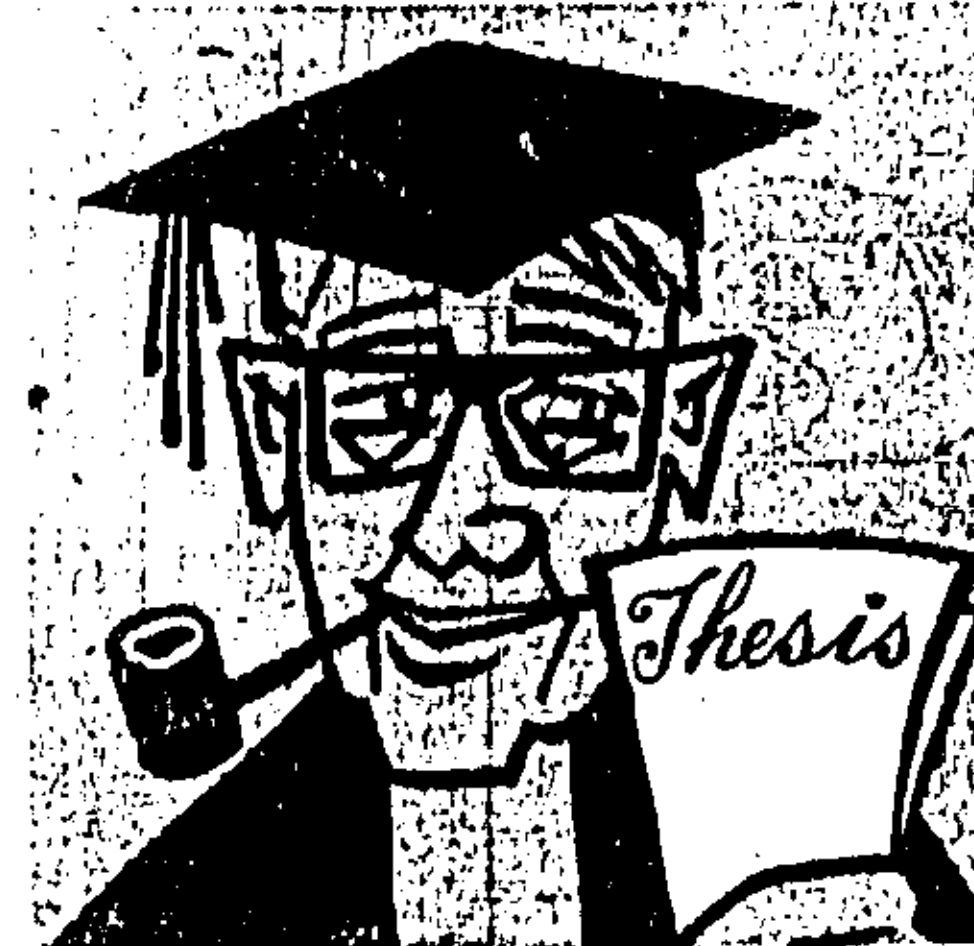
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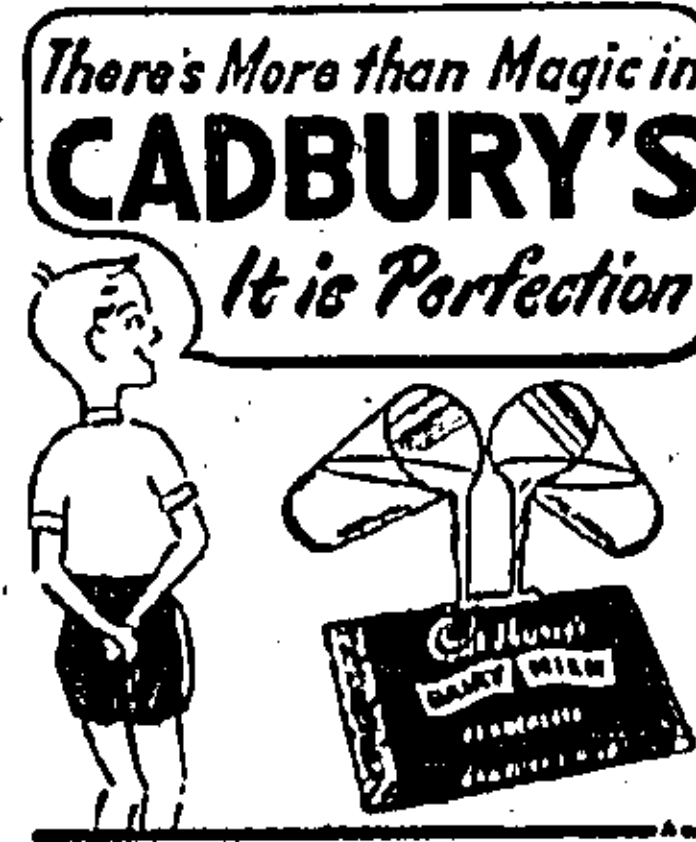
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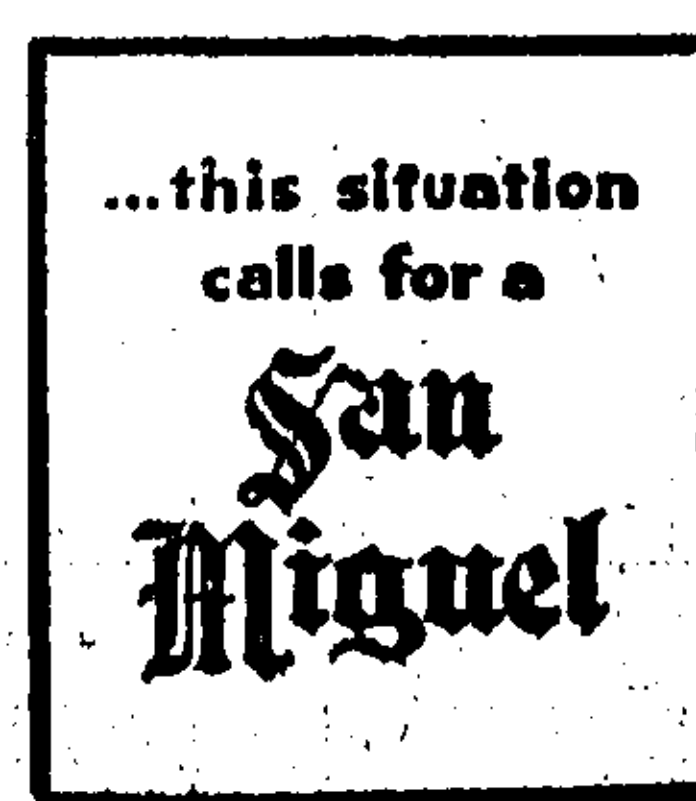
## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



## JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins





# GIRLS ARE BACK!

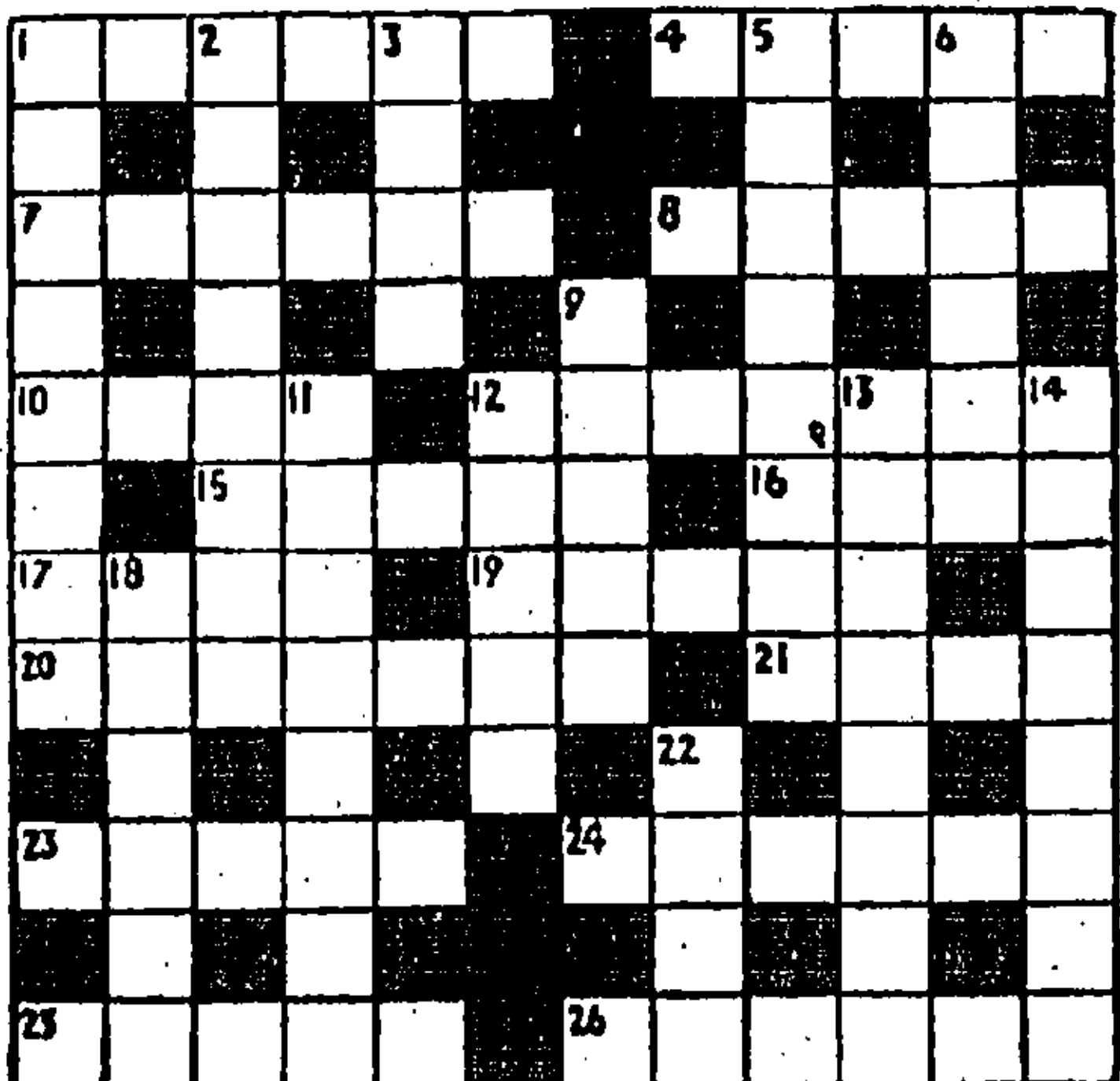
CYRIL STAPLETON'S COLUMN



AND IF THEY'RE LIKE THIS ONE  
I SAY IT'S THE BEST THING THAT  
COULD HAPPEN IN RECORDS...

WE'RE bound to be hearing plenty of a song called "Mr. Wonderful"—and that, believe me, makes me happy.

## A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- May strike you as being simply stunning! (6)
  - Make twenty runs? (3)
  - Plays its part in many an exercise (6)
  - Decide that it may be finer (5)
  - Maid of the soil (4)
  - Took no chances? (7)
  - Hardly a woman for whom you'd have warm feelings (5)
  - Just a lake (4)
  - Large portion of wedding cake? (4)
  - Valleys, in Sweden especially (5)
  - Suffered for a long time? (7)
  - Penny new? That's handy! (4)
  - Autumn reductions? (6)
  - Yellow, but mostly black (8)
  - To be brief, steer around (6)
  - Frank not only can, but did (6)
- DOWN**
- All there (6)
  - Looked down on with distaste (6)
  - They easily get out of hand (4)
  - Taken in (6)
  - Sort of jacket that ties you in knots? (6)
  - Came to a conclusion (3)
  - The hesitant doubts of chemists? (8)
  - Free entitled to respect? (5)
  - Looked for one who prefers to be alone? (6)
  - Appointed to arrange Ned's diet (6)
  - Not all there (6)
  - Maria's melody (4)
  - Roman-tic, a singer, (i.e.) 11 Patience, 11 Consolation, 12 Dier, 13 Celia, 14 Dora, 15 Lisa, 16 Silenced
  - Nicknames, 23 Snapper, 24 (Wreckless) Down: 1 Pluck, 2 Anona, 3 Re-posed, 4 Oval, 5 (D)avid, 6 Ten-nis-ten, 7 Cheers, 10 Tenet-trev, 11 David, 15 De-Test, 16 Primer, 17 Tragic, 20 Script, 21 Ado-r-n, 22 Sail, 23 Less.

It's a song of praise aimed at men—and that means it is a gift for any girl singer.

They've seen that the way to a man's heart—and into the Hit Parade—is through his vanity.

So it looks like the girls have found their way back into the hit parade after too long out of it. I'm getting tired of the monotonous male procession.

First girl back is Peggy Lee, who hasn't figured in the best-sellers since the charts were first published. She's edging in at No. 10 spot, sharing it with eyes, again—our own Grace Fields.

"Mr. Wonderful" was written as a theme for the show of the same name. Star? Mr. Wonderful himself, Sammy Davis Jr., who isn't in the record lists at all.

Gracie comes back with "Around the World" . . . the theme song for the film "Around the World in Eighty Days," which Victor Young wrote before he died last year. I have a feeling that we're going to hear plenty of this number too.

## ☆ STARMAKER

THEY call him Eddie "Saintly" Joy, and this is one saint with the Mike touch. He fixes his eye on singers—and they become stars.

Take Mindy Carson. She walked into Joy's office one day in 1949, just to try out a new song. He signed her, and from that moment, things began to hum for Mindy.

Eddie got her booked on Paul Whiteman's radio show and into New York's swank Copacabana Club. Mindy stayed with Whiteman for a year; left after getting her name up in lights.

But Eddie Joy still found time to make another star. He was in Mitch Miller's office one day when Frank Sinatra turned down an offer to record some Miller songs.

"I have just the singer for these songs," Joy told him. Miller said the word and the vocal cords of Guy Mitchell took over the songs that Sinatra turned down. "My Heart Cries For You" and "The Roving Kind." Both became No. 1 hits and shot Mitchell to the top.

Now Joy has arrived here with his two previous commodities, Mindy and Mitchell.

And Mindy is now Mrs. Eddie Joy.

NEW people remember General Charles G. Dawes. He was Vice-President of the United States in 1925-9. He also gave his name to the plan that put Germany back on its feet after the First World War—and was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1925 for it.

Dawes died in 1951 unaware that his name can sometimes be bought more cheaply, and he probably had no idea that one of his lesser deeds might last the longest.

For his hobby was songwriting and he penned a ditty called "It's All In The Game" that Nat "King" Cole has just recorded. It will be released the second week in June.

This is the second time round for the general. It was recorded a few years ago and enjoyed a fair run of success.

## ☆ SWINGING BARD

TITLE of the latest Duke Ellington L.P.: "Such Sweet Thunder." Shakespeare scholars may recognize it as coming from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."



PEGGY LEE

tion in the world of legitimate music dived into the work of the Bard of Avon at the request of the Shakespeare Festival organizers in Stratford, Ontario. He came up with 12 musical conceptions.

And in examining Shakespeare's plays, Ellington discovered something that the pundits had, apparently, missed. Of Lady Macbeth he says: "I feel that she had a little rag-time in her soul."

Among the other results of Ellington's musical inspiration are "Sonnet For Sister Kate" (for "The Taming of the Shrew"), and "Hark Cinq," which should be interpreted as "Henry V."

## THE TOP TEN

- "BUTTERFLY" Andy Williams, London. (1)
- "ROCK-A-BILLY" Guy Mitchell, Philips. (2)
- "YES, TONIGHT" JOSEPHINE, Johnnie Ray, Philips. (3)
- "WHEN I FALL IN LOVE" Nat "King" Cole, Capitol. (4)
- "TOO MUCH" Elvis Presley, H.M.V. (5)
- "CUMBERLAND GAF" Lonnie Donegan, Pye-Nixa. (6)
- "FREIGHT TRAIN" Chas. McDevitt Group, Oriole. (10)
- "I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN, KATHLEEN" Slim Whitman, London. (7)
- "NINETY-NINE WAYS" Tab Hunter, London. (8)
- "MR. WONDERFUL" Peggy Lee, Brunswick. (9)
- "AROUND THE WORLD" Grade Fields, Columbia. (10)

## OTHER NEW BOOKS

### The king stopped to stare at Lola

THERE has never been anyone quite like Lola. When barely of age this dark-eyed, Paris dancer became the mistress of Dumas, of Liszt. And soon—after France was asking: "Who exactly is she? What country does she come from? Who was papa Montez?"

Some said she was Byron's daughter. Others that her father was a Spanish bullfighter. But Lola merely smiled an enigmatic smile.

The came the turning point in Lola's life. The man she really loved—a newspaper proprietor—made the mistake of duelling with the best shot in France.

After the funeral Lola went off to mourn among the mountains of Bavaria then ruled by King Ludwig I.

Ludwig was elderly and eccentric. He would stop women in the street, ask them to unveil, would admire their beauty for a few minutes and then move on. But after seeing Lola, he wouldn't move anywhere unless Lola gave permission.

Lola, a feminist and republican, with the kind of political determination that Dr. Sumner might envy, reformed the Government of Bavaria. She silenced her critics with a riding crop. She lived in her own palace. Whatever Lola wanted, Lola got.

But in one thing Lola was too successful. Her republican teachings were taken to heart. In the revolution year, 1848, the people of Bavaria expelled Ludwig and Lola with him.

Lola, unabashed, went to England. There she married young Mr. Head, the heir to a fortune. But Mr. Head's family did a little detective work. And they uncovered Lola's secret.

They found that she had not been, forever, Lola. She was English, born in India. Her maiden name: Eliza Gilbert. At 14 she had married an Indian Army officer named Captain James. Captain James was still alive.

At Marlborough Street Police Court Lola was charged with bigamy.

But the bridegroom was still faithful. He took off Lola to the Continent before the case was over. They quarrelled. They parted. Still young, Head finally died of drink.

Lola was now in her thirties. In Paris she was still the rage. It was rumoured that Louis Napoleon—soon to be emperor—was her lover. But Lola was true to her republican ideals. She invested her cash in a goldmine in the U.S.A.

She left for California. There she married San Francisco with her sinful Spider Dance.

**LOLA MONTEZ, by Helen Holdridge, published by Rodman, 18s.**

Judges, political leaders vied for her favour. When she danced in the Gold Rush towns there were riots among the miners.

There were dark moments too. Lola married again. The man died. Then she took up with a young man years younger than herself. He became her manager. But on a voyage back from her tour of Australia he disappeared in mid-ocean.

These remarkable facts are already part of the history books. But author Holdridge has researched further.

She reports that Lola repented, and went about the streets handing out Bibles. She reports on this evidence that she actually contracted a morganatic marriage with the senile, exiled Ludwig. And she reports (on better evidence) the manner of Lola's death.

In New York Lola had a stroke. Dying, she was taken in by a couple named Buchanan who persuaded her to leave them her jewels and fortune.

When the will was signed, they moved Lola to one tiny room in a shabby tenement. A piece of old carpet, nailed over the window, served as a curtain. There was no bed, no chair. The mattress was on the floor.

In that room Lola was attended by an old woman. When Lola dragged herself out of the door to speak to the other tenants, they would see her pulled back by her hair.

In that room died Lola Montez, former ruler of Bavaria, the most glamorous woman of her century. Her age was 41.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Short Notice

BY HARRY WEINERT



"STAY CALM! I'LL PITCH IN!"

"THAT'S ALL SHE NEEDS TO GET AS MIXED UP AS A TOSSED SALAD."



"NO NO! GET OUT THERE AND ENTERTAIN 'EM!"



"WHEN CERTAIN GIFTS FROM CERTAIN PEOPLE ARE PUT BACK ON DISPLAY YOU CAN BE SURE OF THE WORST."



"CAN'T YOU JUST STUFF IT UNDER YOUR HAT?"

"WITH FIFTEEN MINUTES TO PULL OUT OF A HOMELY STREAK, THE BOY FRIEND PROUDLY ANNOUNCES HE'S FINALLY LANDED TWO TICKETS FOR A HIT SHOW."



"OH DEAR! THEY'RE STAYING THE NIGHT—ONE EGG IN THE PLACE AND ALL THE STORES ARE CLOSED!"

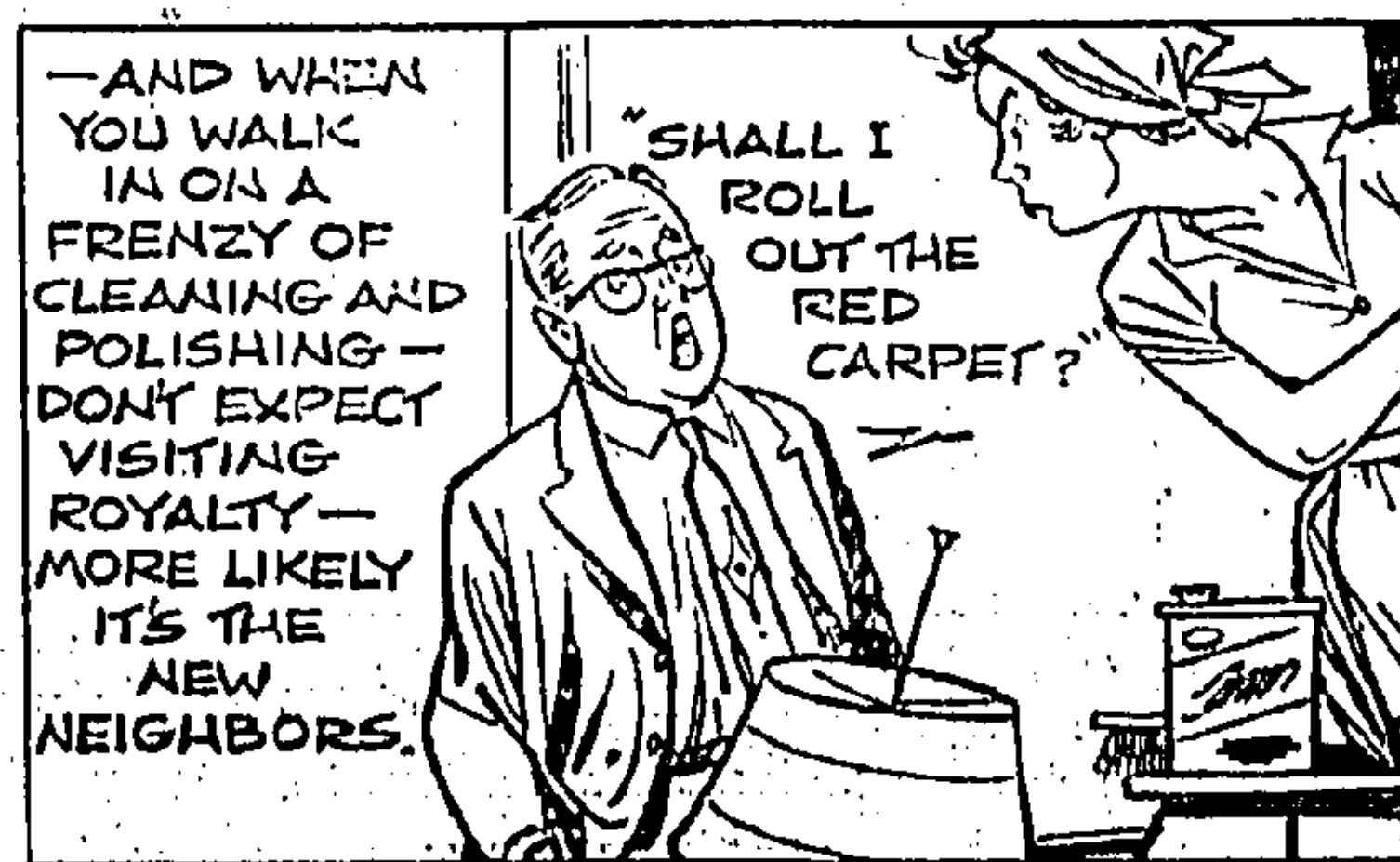
"SHE DOESN'T KNOW THE EGGS ARE HARD BOILED—BUT WE'LL CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHEN WE COME TO IT."



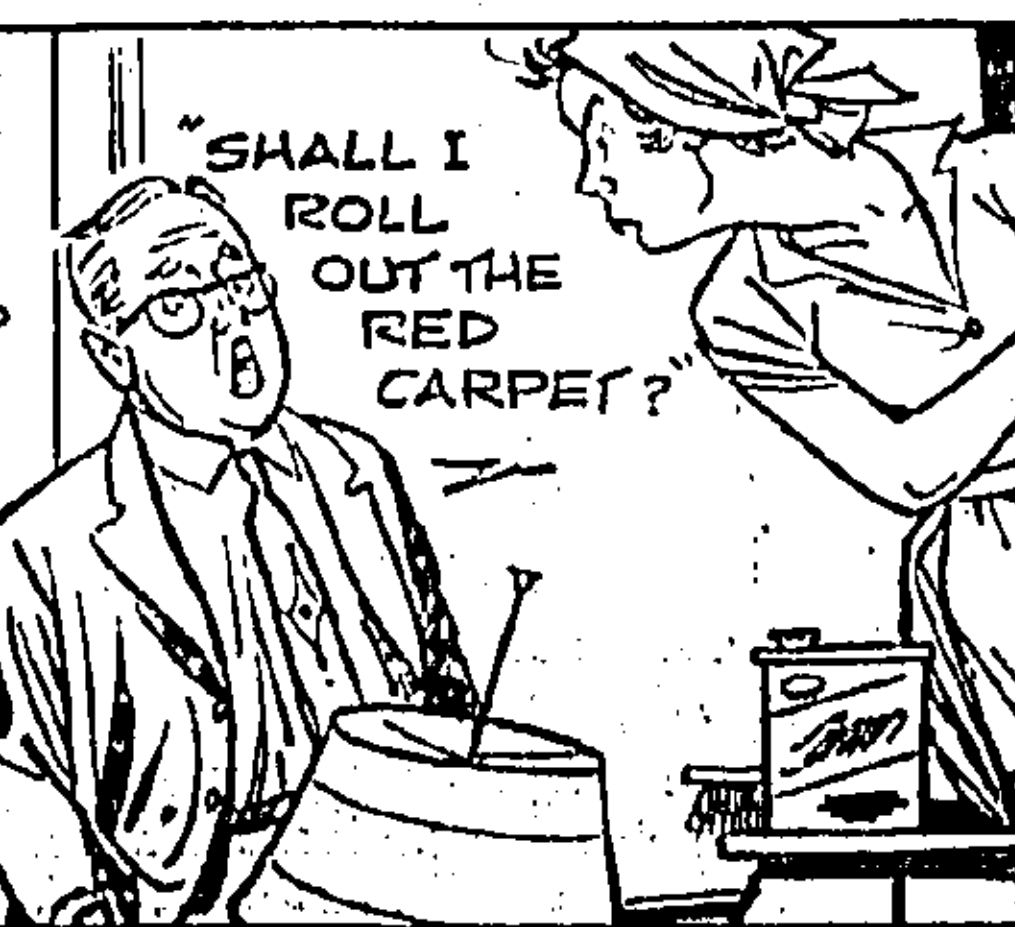
"DON'T WORRY—I'LL RUN DOWN TO JOE'S BAR AND PICK UP A DOZEN—"



"SUDEN INVITATION TO A COME-AS-YOU-ARE PARTY."



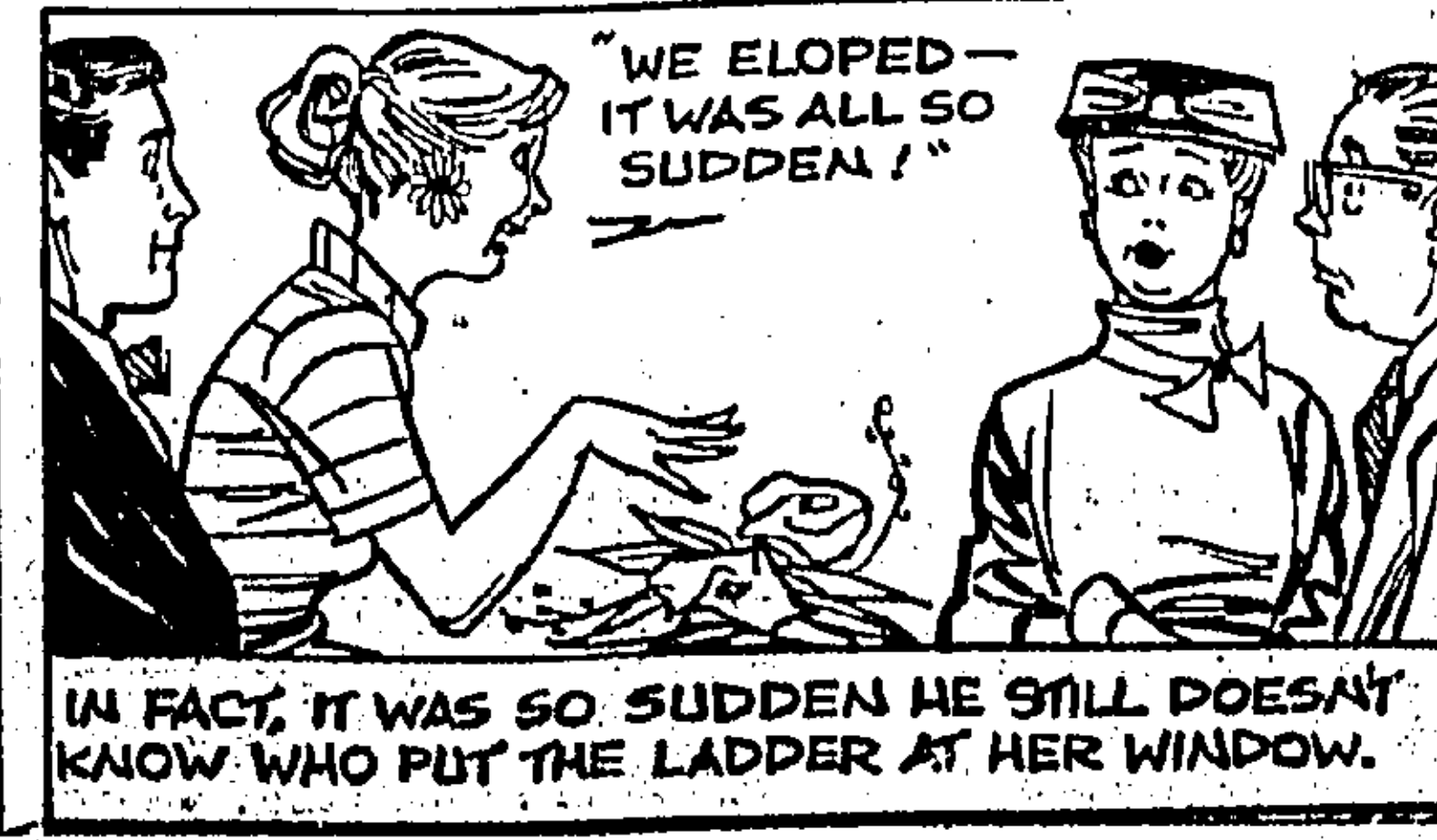
"—AND WHEN YOU WALK IN ON A FRENZY OF CLEANING AND POLISHING—DON'T EXPECT VISITING ROYALTY—MORE LIKELY IT'S THE NEW NEIGHBORS"



"SHALL I ROLL OUT THE RED CARPET?"



"REALLY! I'M NOT PREPARED ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE!" SHE EXCLAIMED, DRAGGING HER HARP FROM BEHIND THE CURTAINS."

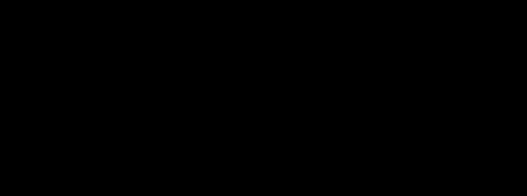
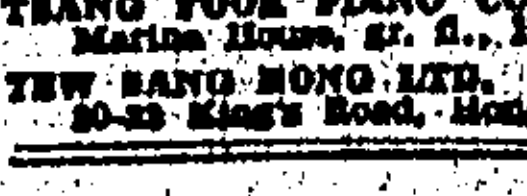
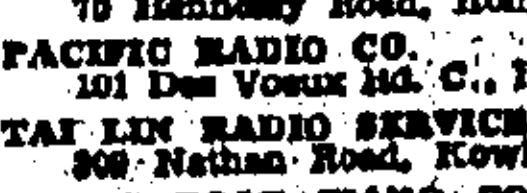
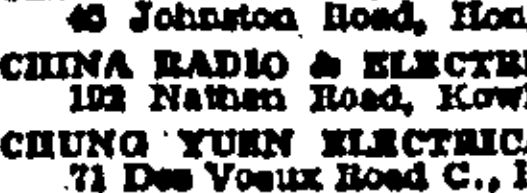
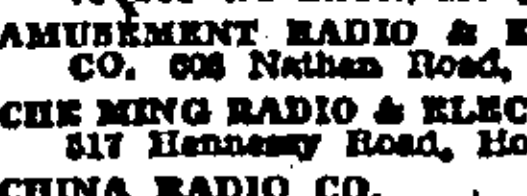
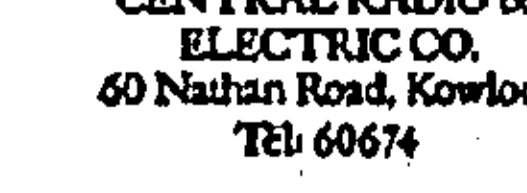
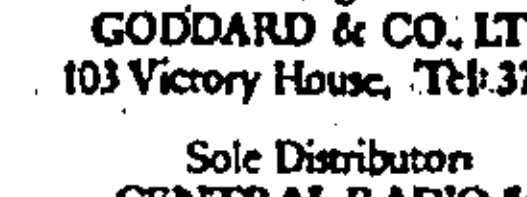
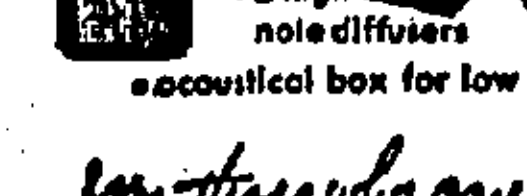
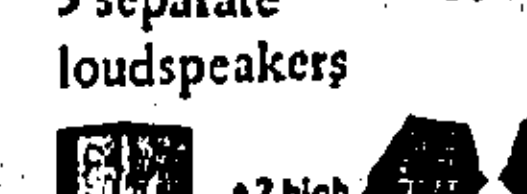
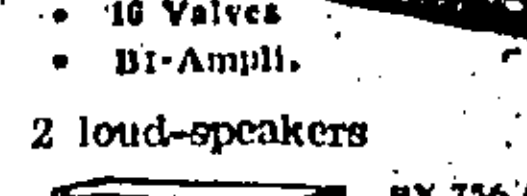
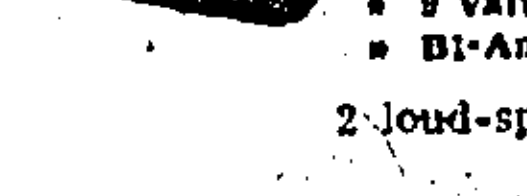
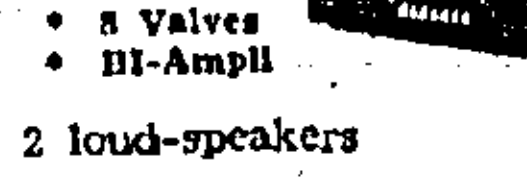
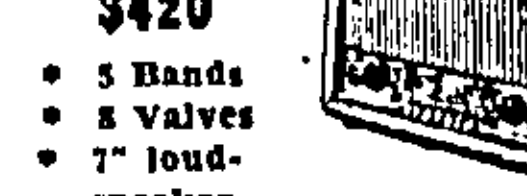
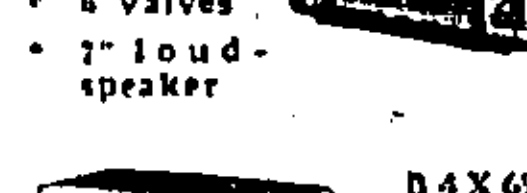
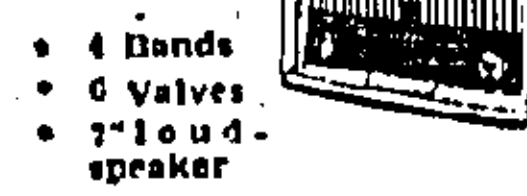
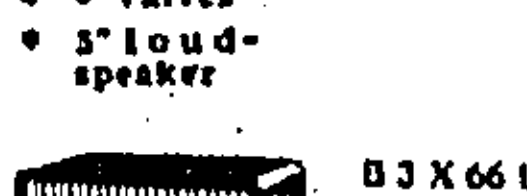
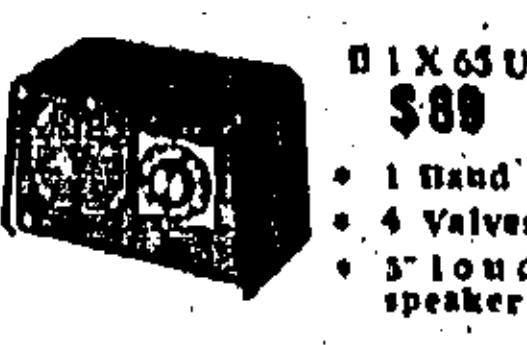


"WE ELOPED—IT WAS ALL SO SUDEN!"

"IN FACT, IT WAS SO SUDEN HE STILL DOESN'T KNOW WHO PUT THE LADDER AT HER WINDOW."

## PHILIPS RADIOS

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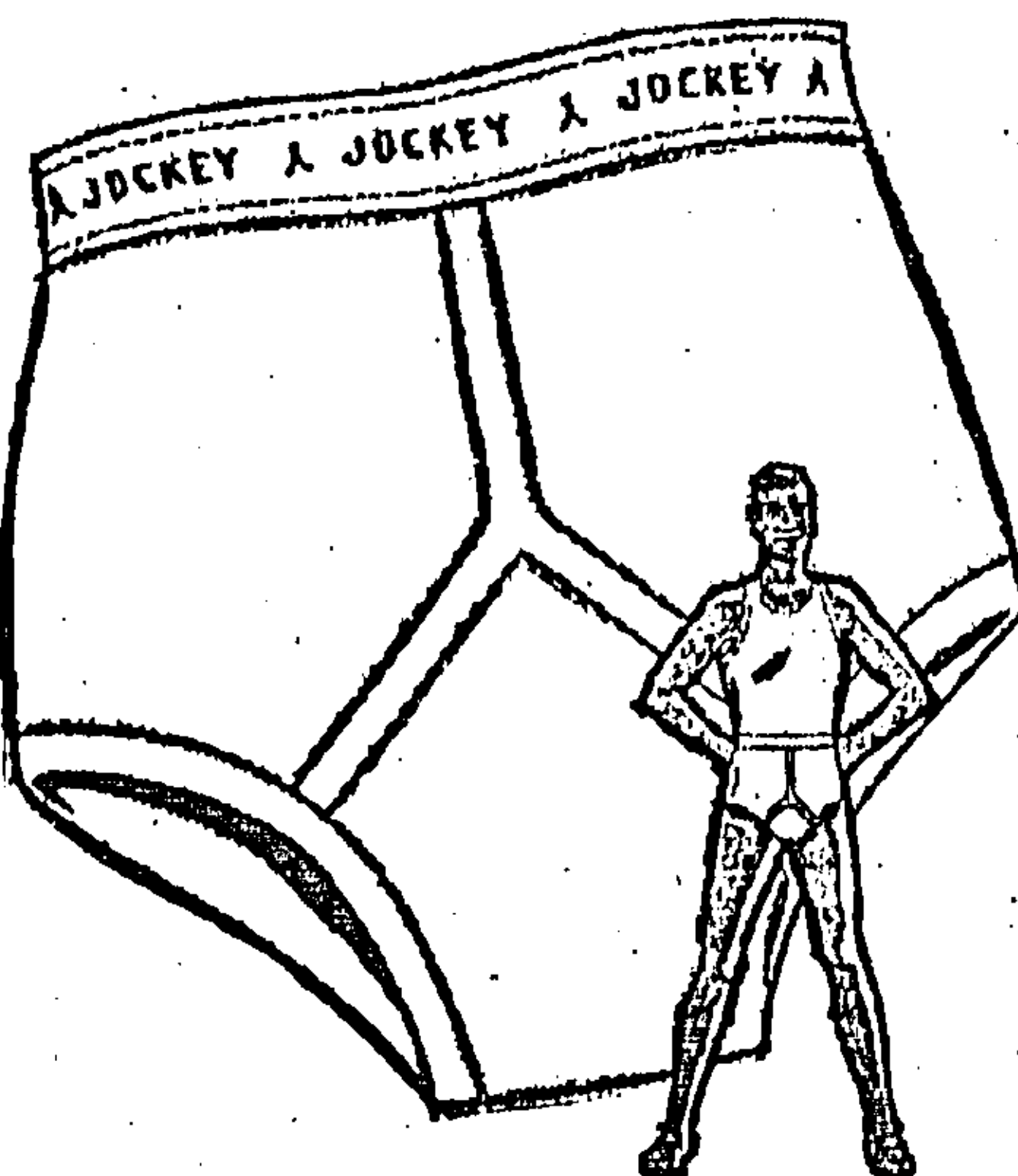






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# The Near And The Far In The World Of Sport

## EVERY BOXER ACCEPTS A RISK AS HE STEPS IN THE RING

### WHAT PRICE GLORY?



Dick Richardson, the young British heavyweight, seen at the end of the 8th round when he was obliged to retire after his meeting with the Cuban, Nino Valdes, at Harringay last December.—Express Photo.

## MOTOR RACING IN U.S. IS VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE MILLE MIGLIA

By STEVE SNIDER

New York.

Sports car road racing is booming in America but it is a far different sport from events like the tragic "Mille Miglia" which claimed 13 lives in Italy recently.

Officials insist such wholesale slaughter of drivers and spectators cannot happen here.

"The world-wide trend is exclusively to closed courses where the safety of the spectator is a prime of consideration," said Charles Moran, Jr. of Rye, New York, US representative of the International Racing Federation.

"In fact, the only major North American event similar to the Mille Miglia was the Mexican Road Race," he said. "And that has already been abolished."

Automobile road racing in its modern dress is so new to America that it is completely confusing to the average citizen who envisages a car race as one of those round and round they go affairs at Indianapolis and most fairgrounds across the nation.

Even the term "road racing" is a misnomer for there is little racing on open public roads any more as a direct result of numerous European tragedies in recent years when modern cars became too fast for ancient country roads.

### OVAL RACING STRIP

In contrast to the more or less standard American oval racing strip with which most are familiar, a closed "road racing" track is generally a winding course including both right and left turns of varying degrees, humps, dips and sometimes trees. Sizes vary from less than two miles to the nearly five miles per lap track at Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, and 5.2 miles for the one-shot endurance race at Sebring, Florida, each year.

"Many, of course, are laid out on flat airport strips," said Moran, "largely following centres of population and high income. Chicago and New York are extremely active. So are Connecticut, California and Texas."

But closed course races are not to be confused with "sports car rallies" which are proving popular with the average car owner who wants no part of neck-risking racing. If you see a stream of little foreign cars buzzing down country roads or even in heavy traffic areas, chances are it's a rally and there is no danger to public life or limb.

### AT EXACT SPEEDS

A rally merely tests the skill of a driver and his navigator in following a prescribed route at exact speeds dictated for a particular event.

"Anyone exceeding speed limits or running a stop sign is penalised heavily by the judges," said Moran. "Recklessness and high speed violates the entire spirit of a rally."

Most any Sunday on the back roads of Long Island you will see a string of Austin-Healeys, Triumph TR3s, MGs of all vintage, Porsches, a Mercedes or two, Jaguars, Sunbeams, DKWs, Volkswagens or what have you out "Rallying."

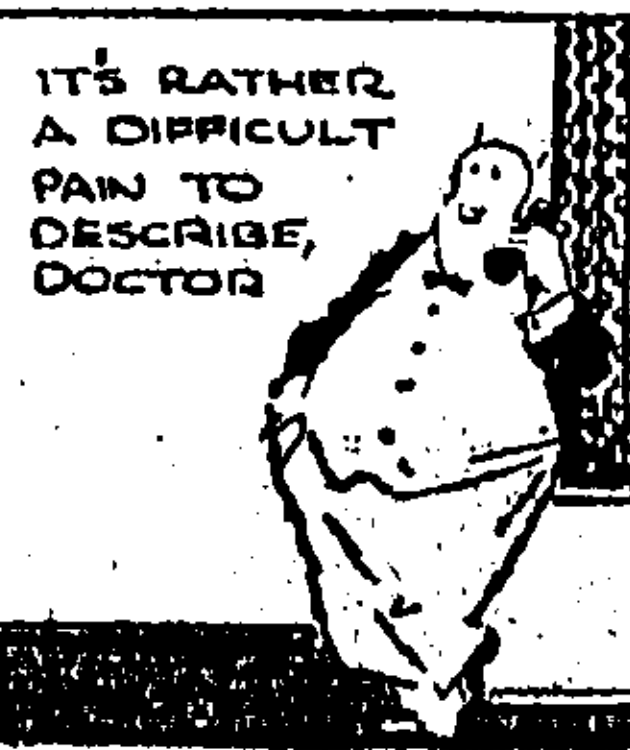
It looks confusing, but thousands of devotees are mad about it.—United Press.

## Sports Diary

### TODAY

**Boxing**  
1st Division: KIDG v KDC, Ricardo v KDC, Ricardo v KDC, CCC v KDC, KDC v KDC.  
2nd Division: FC "Blue" v FC, KDC v KDC, KDC v KDC, Ricardo v KDC, KDC v KDC.  
3rd Division: KDC v KDC, KDC v KDC, Ricardo v KDC, KDC v KDC, KDC v KDC.  
**Baseball**  
1st Division: KIDG v KDC, CCC v KDC.  
2nd Division: CCC v FC, KDC v KDC, KDC v KDC.  
**Golf**  
Ladies Golf: Glover Cup, Deep Water Day, 2nd round.

### POP



### Dialognos



### FROM EVERY ANGLE

The greatest, finest and most knowledgeable boxing brains in many parts of the world have considered the problem from every conceivable angle. It has been accepted as a major study by doctors engaged in physiological research, and yet it remains the one aspect of the sport which has given boxing's

This risk is something which every boxer — consciously or unconsciously — understands... but it is one which he usually minimises. Few fighters are able to maintain a successful participation once they have allowed their conscious appreciation of the physical risks to reach anything like significant proportions. Fear of injury is a pugilistic period.

At its best the ring hazard means minor injury and temporary indisposition. At its worst it can mean serious injury, permanent disability, and even death.

### BITING DEEP

These unsettling and unfortunate happenings are biting deep into the very heart of boxing. Some countries talk of banning the sport completely. Champions, like Ron Baran of Britain, have decided that the risk is now too great and they are quitting the ring. Other boxers, blinded or encouraged by the glittering prizes which the successful exponent can claim, are willing to carry the boxing torch... and there are plenty of folks only too ready to carry the torch.

### CONSTANT FEATURE

There are those who will probably feel that it is irrational to compare boxing in Hong Kong with amateur boxing... with boxing, professional or amateur, in the great countries of the world.

### EQUALLY IMPORTANT

Equally important has been the insistence that EVERY bout should be controlled by a qualified and competent referee. It would be idle of course to suggest that all qualified referees are of equal ability... nothing is further from the truth... and by the same token it is impossible to believe that every referee would act in the same way in any particular emergency.

### THE FIRST OF A SERIES

Of Articles By  
**I. M. MacTAVISH**

This is the first in a new series of summer articles in which I hope to look at many different aspects of the world of sport. It may be that we shall occasionally leave the well trodden highways and find ourselves wandering in the less frequented byways... where even familiar stories will take on a new look... and where we may well find beneficial information to provide useful comparison with things in our own Colony.

If these brief excursions should happen to provide new thoughts and new ideas that will assist our Hongkong sportsmen and sportswomen along their respective paths to still better performances then they will have been well worthwhile.

The recent successful endeavours of the Hongkong Amateur Boxing Association gives followers of the noble art good reason to feel that it has been firmly established on a sound, practical and commonsense basis. The actual administration of any sport is generally an exacting and thankless task yet strangely enough there is seldom any marked degree of a protective pad has been placed under the canvas on the floor of the ring itself; and in most parts of the world an adequate apron, or ring extension outside the ropes, has become compulsory.

Since the days of the clandestine bare flat bottles a lot has been done to shed much of the weight of the risks involved in every boxing contest. Thorough medical examination is now a pre-flight routine. The science of glove making has progressed to a marked degree; a protective pad has been placed under the canvas on the floor of the ring itself; and in most parts of the world an adequate apron, or ring extension outside the ropes, has become compulsory.

It will go on attracting the youth of the day as eager participants, and the less active, less courageous, and less skilled will still flock to the ringside to enjoy the thrills and to watch the gloved gladiators in action.

This will only continue as long as boxing is properly controlled both in and out of the ring and it is for just that reason I believe the fistie future in Hong Kong is so rosy.

Finally I would like to mention one aspect of boxing which is all too frequently overlooked — the prolonged participation of a "washed-up" exponent. The negligence is often born in tolerance and borne in sympathy, but I do not believe either is a justification for the presence of a boxer in the ring after he has rather obviously hit the downward path. There is no more sorry sight than the once famous old stager or the disillusioned pugilist who continues to box long after his instinctive ability has deserted him.

With this in mind I would like to relate a personal experience which brought a lump to my throat a few years ago.

I was engaged to referee an important contest in Indonesia between a brilliant young local boy and a veteran from Manila. The latter had enjoyed a glamorous career but although his name still meant something his day was past and in the very first round I realised just what a bad match I had on my hands. Right from the very first bell the old man was on the wrong end of a merciless thrashing and midway through the second round I stepped between them and stopped the uneven contest. The partisan fans screamed their disapproval of my action. The veteran called me every abusive name he could conjure up... then quite suddenly he changed. Virtually smothering, he pleaded with me to let the fight go on because he desperately needed the money.

Back in Malaya I almost forgot all about the incident but a few weeks later I received a letter. It said very simply, "Thank you... sincerely." It was signed by both the beaten boxer and his wife. Commensurate had prevailed. He never fought again.

I'd like to return to boxing in the near future and discuss some important aspects of the different physical and medical hazards which a boxer accepts... and I'd like to tell you something of the most recent medical research which has been carried out in relation to injuries in the ring.

Every fatality, however, brings forth another fresh outburst of antagonism. Vicious comment and criticism are showered on the game, yet, in spite of everything, it still remains one of the greatest

crowd-pulling sporting attractions of the time. Boxing is far from being a sadistic luxury. It is a straightforward man-to-man tussle based on the oldest tenets of physical supremacy.

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## SPORTS QUIZ

- Which sports do you associate with Peter Collins, Alfredo di Stefano and Gene Fullmer?
- Who scored the most centuries in first-class cricket: Jack Hobbs, W. G. Grace or Don Bradman?
- Which of these boxers won the world heavyweight title: Tony Galento, Max Baer, Schmeling and Primo Carnera?
- Two batsmen run five runs, then the ball reaches the boundary—valued at four runs. How many runs are scored?
- Who "trapped" the "Wild Bull of the Pampas"?
- Which sportsman was mallet and which was sticks?
- Complete the following cricket couplets: Hobbs and—, Lindwall and—, McDonald and—.
- Who was the last man to win Wimbledon three times in succession?
- Which famous cricket grounds are overlooked by (a) a gasometer and (b) a brewery?
- In what sports would you come across (a) the Ranji trophy and (b) the Vardon grip?

(Answers See Page 17)



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## LOST HER BALANCE



N. Bliss, of Mitcham Athletic Club, landed head first when she struck the bar while competing in the senior high jump at the Southern Counties Women's Athletic Championships at the Polytechnic Stadium, Chiswick, London on June 1. —Reuterphoto.

## SPORT AROUND THE WORLD

## Italian Government May Place Sports Under Its Direct Jurisdiction

Under pressure of the most virulent press campaign since the end of the war, the Italian Government is on the verge of placing sports under its direct jurisdiction.

Newspapers and magazines of all affiliations are urging the measure and the public outcry to end the humiliation Italy suffers in many sports where she used to dominate is finding more receptive ears in the country's Parliament.

The leaders of the three most popular sports—soccer, cycling and car racing—are under fire. The spark that recently touched the situation into flame was the 3-0 defeat of an Italian national soccer team by Portugal at Lisbon, on May 26, in a World Cup preliminary round match.

The Lisbon defeat followed the even more degrading 9-1 thrashing by Yugoslavia in Zagreb two weeks earlier and a 1-0 home defeat at the hands of the low-ranking Egyptians.

Italian football fans, who still remember the two world titles and the Olympic title conquered by Italy in the past, feel that their world has crashed about them.

The reasons for the present soccer situation are obvious. The press singled them out for the Government to act. Idolisation of soccer players, the fantastic hiring prices and salaries paid them, the wholesale importation of foreign players to the detriment of local talent development, and the present formula of the Italian League Championship which forces clubs to use fancy tactics rather than straightforward soccer in order to avoid demotion.

## MOST SERIOUS

The last two reasons are regarded as the most serious. A few years back a lukewarm and indirect Government attempt to curb importation of foreign talent was foiled by club leaders, whom the press accuse of serving their own particular interests rather than those of the national sports. A drastic Government action placing all sports under its strictest supervision seemed justified by a new wave of foreign imports.

As the Italian football season reaches its climax, club presidents proudly announced their "purchases" for the next season. They include Argentina's Omar Sivori, for whom the Juventus club of Turin paid the astronomical figure of 105,000,000 lire (\$312,000), fellow-Argentinian Grillo and Maschio, Welsh international star John Charles, also hired by Juventus at a cost of 90,000,000 lire (\$144,000) and Hungary's Ferenc Puskas and Istvan Kocsis.

The position of Italian cycling is no better. With the retirement of such stars as Fausto Coppi, Gino Bartali and Fiorenzo Magni, who made Italian cycling colours fly at top most everywhere in Europe, Italy's younger hopes proved nothing more than —hopes.

## TOUR OF ITALY

The 1957 edition of the Tour of Italy, the country's biggest road race, was dominated by foreigners for the second straight year, and what made it even worse for Italian pride was the fact that none of the national entries promised anything hopeful for the future.

Automobile racing, long a private hunting ground for Italian drivers, has become the domain of foreigners. The deaths of Alberto Ascari and Eugenio Castellotti in racing accidents left an almost total vacuum in the ranks of Italian Grand Prix racers.

The sad remark of Italian sportsmen is that Italian cars, the fastest in the world, can now win only with foreigners as the wheel.

Australia and Great Britain will fight out the forthcoming Rugby League "World Cup" between four countries, according to Australian experts.

Australia and Great Britain together with France and New Zealand battle for Rugby League supremacy—the World Cup—in Sydney and in Brisbane this month.

Harold Matthews, Secretary of the New South Wales Rugby League, said the series cost 25,000 pounds (\$55,000) to promote, but a profit is certain from the gate takings.

"Tickets are selling well and I predict a sell-out for all matches," he said. This means more than 85,000 fans will attend the Sydney matches at the Sydney Cricket Ground and 35,000 people at Brisbane's Cricket Ground.

The World Cup begins on June 15 when Great Britain plays France in Sydney and Australia plays New Zealand in Brisbane. The Great Britain plays Australia and France plays New Zealand in Sydney and Brisbane respectively on June 17.

## REMAINING MATCHES

The remaining matches will be played in Sydney with France against Australia on June 22, Great Britain playing New Zealand on June 24.

The team with the most points after these matches (two points for a win, one each for a draw) wins the "World Cup." If two teams have equal points, they play off in the final on June 29 or, if a definite result emerges, Northern Hemisphere plays Southern Hemisphere.

The World Cup is being held to celebrate Rugby League's 50th year in Australia and is the greatest festival of football ever seen in Sydney, in a country where Rugby League draws

more crowds than any other seasonal sport.

Great Britain, holders of the World Cup, are favourites to win again and experts believe they will fight it out with Australia.

The Englishmen won the first World Cup in Paris, 1954, defeating France in the final 16-12 before 30,300 fans. Australia was third and New Zealand fourth.

Since 1954 Great Britain has defeated France, Australia and New Zealand in best-of-three matches.

Australia is favoured to beat France and New Zealand, having beaten both countries in three consecutive Tests last year. Their team will be stronger this year and experts concede them an excellent chance of beating Britain, the favourites.

## NOT UNDERRATED

However, France is not underrated. Aussie fans who appreciate his French, English, "Kiwi" or Australian, remember France's brilliant football in 1951 and 1955 when, although underdogs, they beat Australia two matches to one to win the "Ashes".

France is the most popular team in the series, according to ticket sales which show Aussie fans appreciate their bright, open football.

New Zealand is the "outsider" and has the poorest form to offer. A victory for them would cause a major upset.

So on form, facts and figures it looks as though England and Australia will fight out the World Cup with Australian fans getting a feast of top-notch football from June 15 to June 29.—United Press.

## FIRST TEST REFLECTIONS

## John Goddard Aims To Restore His Side's Superiority Complex

By DENNIS HART

Cricket? It's a matter of psychology—or partly. And administering the Freudian doctrine at the moment is John Goddard, skipper of the West Indies touring team.

Goddard's aim: to restore his side's superiority complex on the field. It was demolished the other week at Edgbaston. The West Indies, having sunk England's batting almost without trace on the opening day of the first Test, were poised to establish their superiority with a crushing victory.

Came England's fight back. Incredibly the match was saved—almost won. More important, perhaps, West Indies confidence took a severe knock. Her batsmen were cut down to size by England's bowlers. And the Sonny Ramadhin hoodoo was laid.

Can "Dr Goddard" cure those first Test blues? To an extent I think he can. I do not think that we are again likely to see the West Indies batsmen so tied down and then so bemused as they were in the two innings at Edgbaston.

And on both occasions the wicket was good. Even in that final innings it was merely dusty and did not take spin to an alarming degree.

## GREAT BATTING

Goddard's instructions to his men must be aimed at unleashing the side's great batting potential.

One of cricket's oldest axioms tells that the way to get the best out of a batsman is to allow him to play his natural game.

At Birmingham the West Indies batsmen did not play their natural game. There, of course, the choice was hardly theirs but dictated by the injuries to Clyde Walcott and Frank Worrell.

These two master batsmen were almost literally giants in chains, held back by pulled muscles. The result was that not only were they held in check, so was the whole West Indies batting. A policy of no risks taken had to be pursued—even by Collye Smith, who I thought just could not help playing bright cricket.

It is a tribute to Smith, and to Goddard, that this fun-loving Jamaican overbroke his impetuosity in the interests of the side, for

I'm certain that if he had just been batting for himself he could not have done it.

The overall effect was that England's fight back began a good deal earlier than might have been expected. It began immediately after that first innings debacle.

## CRUSHING BLOWS

With England's bowlers keeping the mighty Caribbean run-making machine in check this was first chipping away at the West Indies superiority complex. The process was carried on by batsmen Peter May and Colin Cowdrey. Finally May and then, in the last two and a half hours, the England bowlers, weighed in with crushing blows.

Goddard must now take the bold course, the natural course as far as West Indies cricket is concerned, and let his batsmen get after the England bowling to get them on equal if not superior psychological terms with the England side.

This I think Goddard will do. If so it promises much excellent cricket during the series, as excellent perhaps as the glorious fighting cricket we saw at Edgbaston.

On the bowling front Goddard has another psychological task to prevent Sonny Ramadhin getting an inferiority complex. After his long losing battle against May and Cowdrey, Ramadhin, it seems, will not again put a hoodoo on England's batsmen.

## A FINE BOWLER

But he is still a fine bowler. If he realises this he can take many more Test wickets, if not having the same demoralising effect on batsmen.

Goddard's other bowling problem is to make the best use of

London.

fairly slim resources. If only Alf Valentine could capture his 1950 accuracy.

But it is to the batting that the West Indies look. And with the next Test to be played at Lord's, on a fast wicket that gives every encouragement to the stroke-making batsman, and the following Test to be played on the placid Trent Bridge pitch, I fancy the tourists will at least gain a one-game lead in the series.

They will need it. For the final two games are to be played at Leeds and the Oval where the pitches both respond to the spin of Messrs Lock and Laker.

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—(London Express Service).

### Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Motor racing, association football and boxing.
2. Jack Hobbs, 197.
3. Max Schmeling and Primo Carnera.
4. Five runs.
5. Jack Dempsey who beat Luis Firpo, known as 'The Wild Bull of the Pampas' when defending his world heavyweight title in 1923.
6. Croquet players and hockey players.
7. Hobbs and Sutcliffe, Lindwall and Miller, McDonald and Gregory.
8. Fred Perry in 1934-5-6.
9. (a) Kemington Oval (b) Lord's.
10. Cricket and golf.



Rose Marie Reid

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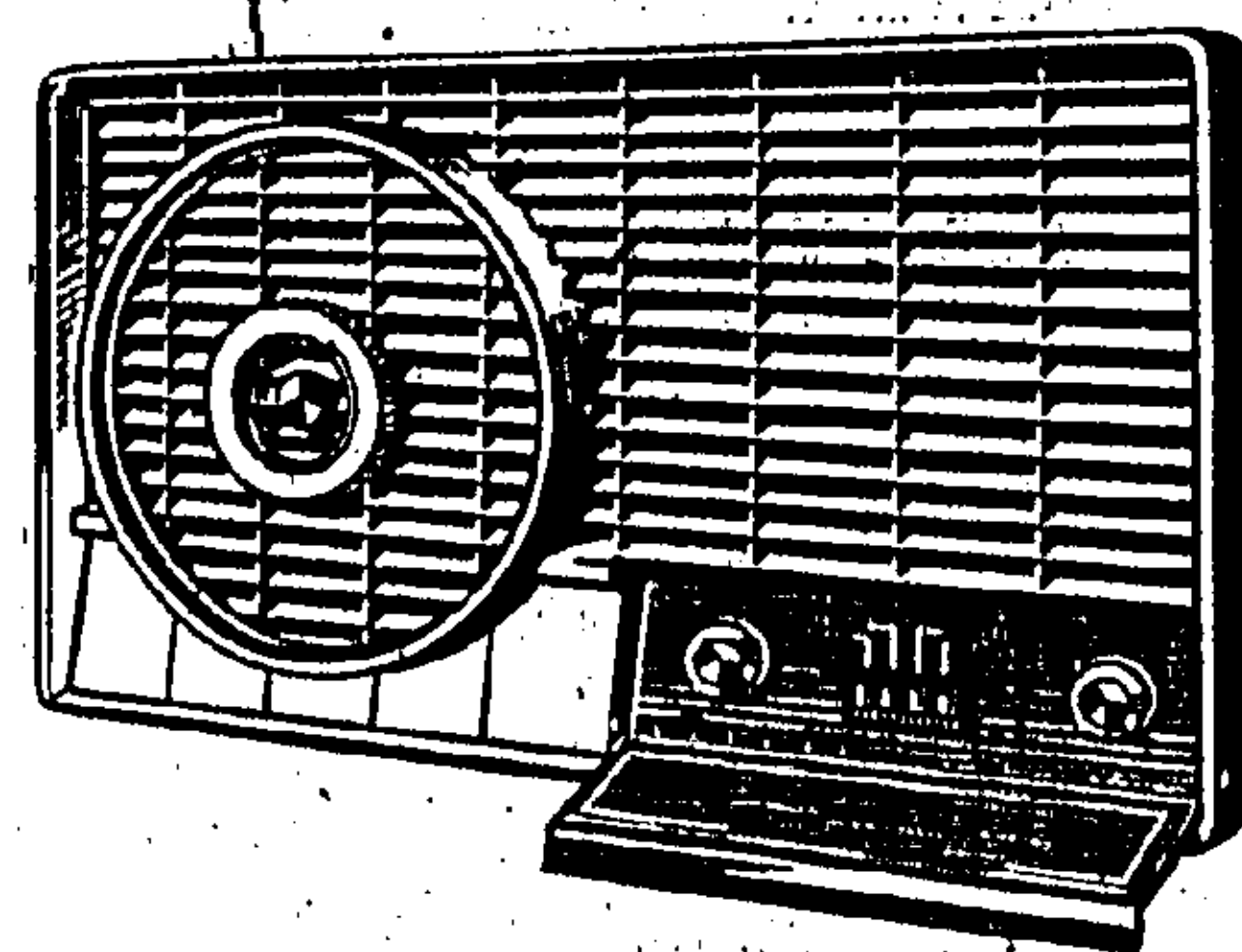
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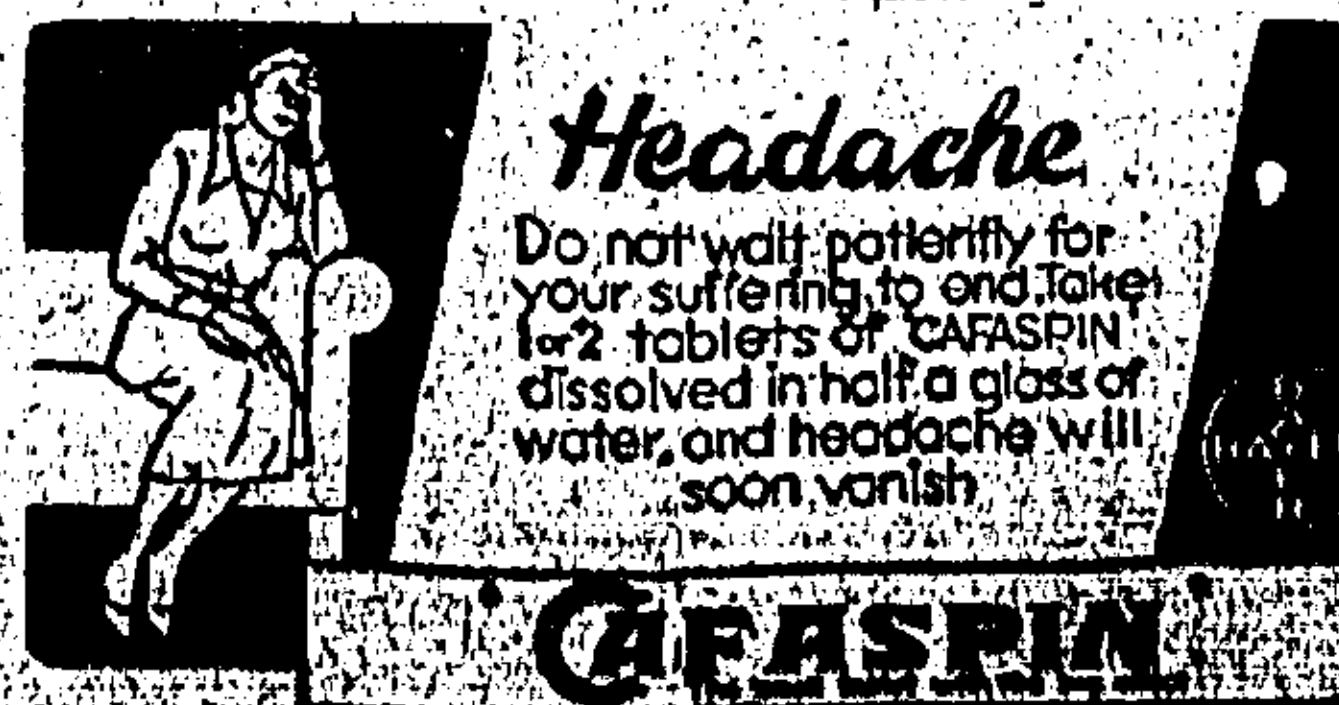
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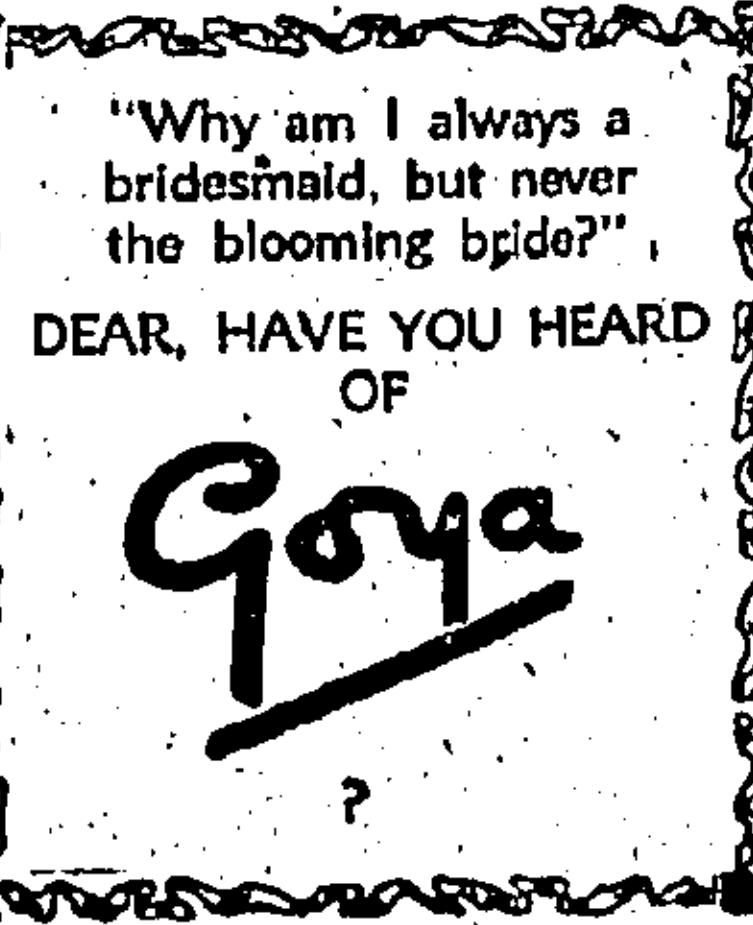


## Headache

Do not wait patiently for your suffering to end. Take 2 tablets of CASASIN dissolved in half a glass of water, and headache will soon vanish.

CASASIN

## THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS









## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 15

BORN today, you have an artistic temperament and the stars have given you talent to go with it. You have considerable originality in thought and action, and when you speak, your listeners hear something of interest. You have a fine gift for conversation, and you can keep an entire group interested in what you are saying. You are a gifted host or hostess and usually become the centre of any group.

Although you may appear to be quite fragile physically, you make up for it with nervous energy and can work for sustained periods at a job until it is completed to your thorough satisfaction. You must have activity, however, and if a project gets stalled, you become impatient and are inclined to drop it and start something else. You must learn that sustained effort, even in the face of opposition, in what eventually brings success.

Your emotions are near the surface and you are demonstrative in showing them. You will be happiest if you wed quite early in life and raise a large family of your own. You are much happier in the centre of a loving and devoted family than you are seeking entertainment outside the home. You will make a devoted parent, much beloved by everyone.

Since you are inclined to underestimate your own talent, it would be well for you to team up with someone who will promote your capabilities. You are not one to blow your own horn and might go through life unappreciated. You have the ability to make pennies go a long way, and it is likely that you will end up by becoming quite rich.

Among the stars on this date were: Harry Elmer Barnes, historian and educator; Mme. Schumann-Heine, singer; Edward Channing, historian; Francis Elwell, sculptor; John Guy Vassar, philanthropist; and Rembrandt, the artist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—Give some thought to the celebration of Father's Day. And while you're at it, don't forget Grandfather!

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—Join your neighbourhood or community in some gain event which can bring pleasure to many "senior citizens".

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you are wise today, you will see to it that you get your full quota of rest and relaxation. Let down tensions.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Since tomorrow is scheduled to be a busy day, it behooves you to get rested and ready for it today!

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Take stock of things and evaluate them carefully. Then—and then only—make a decision to influence your future.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—A favourable day for your usual Sunday interests. In addition, get out into the country if you can.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Organise your personal affairs and see that you are giving full priority of only the most important things.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Follow through on some past project and see that you have all plans scheduled for action tomorrow.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—After your morning devotions, join family and close friends in pleasant, outdoor recreation. Maybe a picnic?

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Listening to a good sermon may help you to organise your own personal life for the future. Take heed!

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Not usually a day for business, but you can at least get organised and ready for your early start tomorrow.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—Be confident that if you act earnestly today on delayed matters, all will work out as you anticipate it should.

BORN today, you are the serious, studious type and have exceptional powers for the accumulation of knowledge. Your one lack is the will to concentrate on a single objective. You start too many projects at one time so that your attention and interest is divided and you give no one thing your complete, concentrated effort. Learn to specialise, for in this age of specialisation, you will find you are much more successful. The day of the "complete gentleman"—whose knowledge is spread over many fields—is fast passing!

The arts and sciences hold a special fascination for you and it is likely that you could go far in one of these fields. You have the gift of making money and probably will never want for the material things of this life. Perhaps, because money comes to you so easily, you do not exhibit the vaunting ambition which others may have. Consequently, you will indulge yourself in hobbies rather than in serious vocations.

You are tactful, gracious and a splendid host or hostess. You seem to know how to make a social affair run easily and pleasantly. You are one of the few who can intermix your acquaintances of varying cultural interests and have everything go smoothly. Capable of a deep and lasting love, you will be happiest if you wed with quite young and have a large family.

Among those born on this date were: Hans Gustav V of Sweden; Jared B. Flagg, painter; Riccio, Roman patriot; Ona Munson, actress; Cushman B. Davis, statesman; Stan Laurel, comedian; and Thomas McVie, author.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 17

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—Your career and business interests are highly favoured now, but save a little time out for romance!

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—Combine business with pleasure. Perhaps an out-of-town selling trip will take you near close friends.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—The stars indicate success for you now, and all your efforts today should bring you toward that ultimate goal.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Excellent prospects along established, routine lines, as well as new offers, appear tempting. Analyse them carefully.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Practically all aspects of your life are in excellent shape. Make the most of everything; progress rapidly.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—This is the time of press forward on some new objective, making sure that you grasp new opportunities.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—There may be suggested changes in your environment. If engaged, you may go house-hunting.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Romance is in the foreground of your life just now, so enjoy pleasure and happiness with your loved one today.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Business affairs are profitable and you may find it a good idea to combine business with pleasure.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Make constructive plans and progress appreciably toward your major objective in life.

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—An active, productive day. Be sure that you take full advantage of all opportunities for advancement in your field.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—One of your best days this month, so take full advantage of green lights and move ahead fast!

## DARTWORDS START HERE

THE trip through Dartwords starts at the CORAL (see the rim of the circle) and it ends at the HULLABALOO (see the centre). You must reach the rumpus by rearranging the other words in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules:

(1) The word may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

(2) It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

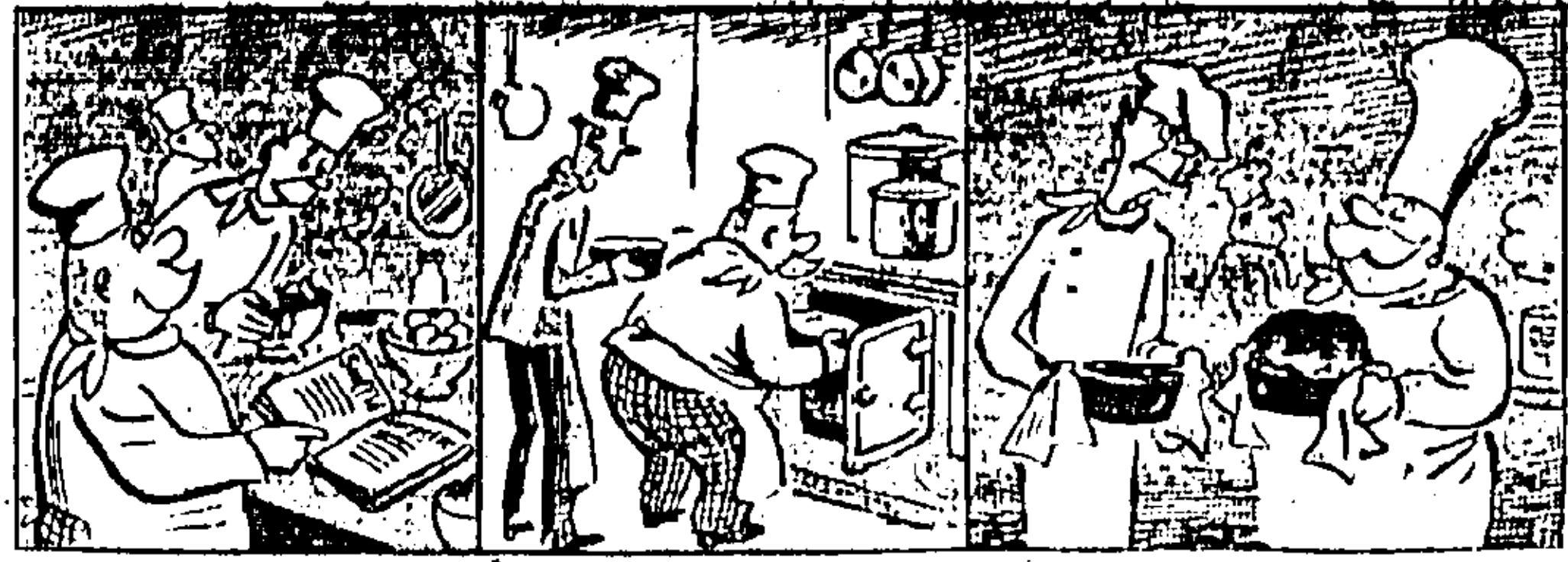
(3) It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.

(4) It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.

(5) It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction.

(Solution on Page 20)

## Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

## PLENTY POOR

Gonzales, a 23-year-old armless beggar who manages to play an accordion, makes so much money (100 dollars a day) that he employs a manager, who travels with him and books his room and board and ration's pocket money, a Newark judge was told.

"Then I fine you 50 dollars. Get out of Newark!" snapped the judge.

## THE DICEY COPPERBELT

As a means of a-month miners on the fabulously rich North Rhodesian copperbelt are taking to dice throwing.

This week a £1,000 Jaguar sports car changed hands as the result of one throw.

The loser had won it the previous week.

## LOOSING SECTION

So many articles were lost at the British Legion women's section conference at the Albert Hall, London, that the lost property office there was unable to take any more.

Before the afternoon session of the second day, the 5,000 women attending were asked to claim their property to make room for further losses.

## POOR PEDERSEN

Young Copenhagen Danish dairyman Sofus Christian Pedersen is being forced by police to stay in the village where he works while Queen Elizabeth visits Denmark from May 21 to 23.

The reason—he has fallen in love with Princess Margaret.

Some time ago, Pedersen saved his meagre wages and bought a ticket to London to propose to the Princess. He was sent home, politely but firmly, and his name was taken in Denmark for security reasons.

Danish police are taking no risks during the State visit.

## HOT WORK

Housework finally got the better of Mrs. Nancy Joyce Stoner, (20), of Norwalk, California, who stood, hair awry and arms akimbo, watching her home burn down after putting a match to it.

"I've been doing housework and baby-sitting for so long I just got fed up and blew my top," she told the sheriff as he got out his notebook.

She heaped up the washing, lit it, and drove away with her two daughters.



## CHESS

By LEONARD BARDEN

Normally the best way of dealing with an opening gambit is not to take it, but to return it in order to counter-attack effectively. This illustration is by Blackburne, the leading British master a year ago. 1 P-K4; 2 K-K3; 3 K-B3; 4 B-P4; 5 K-K3; 6 K-B3; 7 Q-K3; 8 Q-K3; 9 Q-K3; 10 Q-K3; 11 P-K3; 12 K-R1; 13 K-B4; 14 Q-K3; 15 P-Q4; 16 P-Q4; 17 P-Q4; 18 P-Q4; 19 P-Q4; 20 P-Q4; 21 P-Q4; 22 P-Q4; 23 P-Q4; 24 P-Q4; 25 P-Q4; 26 P-Q4; 27 P-Q4; 28 P-Q4; 29 P-Q4; 30 P-Q4; 31 P-Q4; 32 P-Q4; 33 P-Q4; 34 P-Q4; 35 P-Q4; 36 P-Q4; 37 P-Q4; 38 P-Q4; 39 P-Q4; 40 P-Q4; 41 P-Q4; 42 P-Q4; 43 P-Q4; 44 P-Q4; 45 P-Q4; 46 P-Q4; 47 P-Q4; 48 P-Q4; 49 P-Q4; 50 P-Q4; 51 P-Q4; 52 P-Q4; 53 P-Q4; 54 P-Q4; 55 P-Q4; 56 P-Q4; 57 P-Q4; 58 P-Q4; 59 P-Q4; 60 P-Q4; 61 P-Q4; 62 P-Q4; 63 P-Q4; 64 P-Q4; 65 P-Q4; 66 P-Q4; 67 P-Q4; 68 P-Q4; 69 P-Q4; 70 P-Q4; 71 P-Q4; 72 P-Q4; 73 P-Q4; 74 P-Q4; 75 P-Q4; 76 P-Q4; 77 P-Q4; 78 P-Q4; 79 P-Q4; 80 P-Q4; 81 P-Q4; 82 P-Q4; 83 P-Q4; 84 P-Q4; 85 P-Q4; 86 P-Q4; 87 P-Q4; 88 P-Q4; 89 P-Q4; 90 P-Q4; 91 P-Q4; 92 P-Q4; 93 P-Q4; 94 P-Q4; 95 P-Q4; 96 P-Q4; 97 P-Q4; 98 P-Q4; 99 P-Q4; 100 P-Q4; 101 P-Q4; 102 P-Q4; 103 P-Q4; 104 P-Q4; 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# CHINA MAIL

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Page - 20 SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1957.

## HONOURS GO TO SURREY

### JOHN CLARK'S CASEBOOK

#### Past v. Present

**D**EREK must have begun to believe he had buried his past, though he must have been uncomfortably aware of how thin was the veneer of time by which that past was concealed.

Only six months ago he had stood in the dock of the Marylebone court and had been discharged conditionally for stealing money, as a servant. And that had been his sixth conviction for crime.

Yet now Derek had a reasonable job—as assistant school-keeper, paid £8 8s. a week, and already he was trusted.

#### SPLITTING FORCES

**F**OR one morning he was sent with a fellow worker to pay in money at two banks in Camden Town.

The first bank they went to was busy. "Better split forces," Derek suggested, "or we'll be out all morning. Tell you what, you go to the other place, and I'll go to this lot." He brandished a wad of notes—£40.

Derek's colleague went off to the other bank. As soon as he was out of sight, Derek pocketed the £40 and struck out in the opposite direction. Seven weeks later the police caught up with him. "Where's the £40?" they asked.

#### I'M DISGUSTED

"**I**'S all gone," Derek said. "Money doesn't go for these days. I met a few friends, and when the money had gone they went too." It sounded as though he had spent the money on the luxury of the human race.

"What do you want to say?" the magistrate, Mr. Frank Milton, asked Derek when the story had been told in Clerkenwell court.

"Only I'm disgusted with myself. Had a good job and I've thrown it away," Derek said.

He was sent to prison for six months for stealing the £40, and for a further six months for the breach of his earlier discharge. Not his past, but what he had made of the present, had been his undoing.

### REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley: 11.30. London Play "The Laughing Mirror": 12 noon. Tune: 12.30 p.m. Three Men on a Mile-Long Cord. Frank Sinatra and Tex Ritter: 1. Keyboard Capers: 1.30. Weather Report, News and Special Announcements: 1.30. George Meschino and his Orchestra: 2. Saturday: 3. Year by Year—Featuring the song hits of 1957: 3.30. In his Steps—The Story of Henry Maxwell—Episode 3: 4. Western Half Hour: Presented by Nick Kendall: 4.30. Rhythm Parade: 5. Melody Magic: 6. Birthday Jubilee: 6.30. Unit 7: Rediffusion's Jazz Club—Presented by Philip Dickens: 7.30. A Programme of Music from Monty Python: Dorothy Carless Show: 8. Time Signal and the News: 8.30. Weather Report, Announcements and Interviews: 8.45. "I Love a Mystery": 9.30. Voice of Sport: 9.30. Shire Hit Parade: 10.30. Music from Britain: 10.30. Hollywood Open House—Starring Walter Abel, Jean Parker and Henry Youngman: 10.30. Harry Hooten: 11.30. Dance Party: 12 Midnight. "God Save the Queen": Close Down.

### TELEVISION

6 p.m. Children's Film Festival: 6 p.m. Close Down. 7.30 p.m. Short Film—"Rehabilitation of the Blind": 7.45. p.m. Rediffusion News—World and Local News: 8 p.m. Highway Patrol—starring Broderick Crawford: 8.30. The Rosemary Clooney Show: 9 p.m. Alfred Hitchcock presents—"Triggers in Lash": 9.30. Sports—presented by Jack Good: 10.30. Future Film—"House of Errors": 10.45. Late Night Final: News: Weather: Rest and Announcements: Close Down.

#### NAMESAKES

Answers—1 States, 2 Republic, 3 President, 4 Legislature, 5 Washington, 6 Statute, 7 America, 8 Slave, 9 Justice, 10 Senate, 11 Congress, 12 Office, 13 Yeller, 14 Administrator, Abraham Lincoln.

## But West Indies Still Have Unbeaten Record

**L**ONDON, June 14. The West Indies unbeaten record still stands but the honours of their drawn match at the Oval went to Surrey, the county champions.

The touring team, who just avoided defeat, had only two wickets left at the finish and were 82 runs behind.

While it must be emphasised that the touring team had been hit by injuries and that "Sonny" Ramadhin could not bowl in the second innings, Surrey in the final stages outplayed them, despite the absence of two of their stars, Peter May and Tony Lock.

Stewart placed Surrey in an almost unassailable position by playing one of his best innings, scoring on the leg-side, he at one six and 22 fours in his not out 147 which took four and three quarter hours.

Downey came in for some punishment but he was the best of the West Indies bowlers of this third day when in eight overs he took the wickets of Fletcher, Pratt and E. A. Beuster. "I'll say it," he said, "I've brandished a wad of notes—£40."

#### Reasonable

Alec Bedser set West Indies a reasonable task, 201 in three hours and 20 minutes, an average of nearly 74 an hour, but as usual Surrey were brilliant in the field and soon three wickets were down for 42.

Barrington made a smart right-handed slip catch to dispose of Kanhai; Constable with only one stump to aim at, ran out Sobers and Weekes was caught in the slips by Stewart.

Asgarali defended skillfully in the crisis, staying two hours but Eric Bedser restored interest in the game by suddenly dismissing Asgarali and Atkinson. Constable take the remaining five wickets in 75 minutes?

Colin Smith and Pauraudou supplied the answer. Smith, Pauraudou and Goddard were dismissed and on the two fast bowlers, Hall and Downey rested the final responsibility of saving the West Indies.

#### Crisis

But another crisis occurred. In the last 15 minutes Smith, Pauraudou and Goddard were dismissed and on the two fast bowlers, Hall and Downey rested the final responsibility of saving the West Indies.

Hall showed utter disdain for the Surrey fielders who clustered about him for the final over delivered by Eric Bedser. The second ball he drove with high velocity past Stewart's head at silly mid-on. Then when his side was safe, he triumphantly despatched the last ball of a fine match to the boundary.

For once Laker took no part in the drama. He complained of a strained back and sent down only nine overs.—France-Press.

#### BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

**CROSSWORD:**

R	O	C	S	E	A
A	D	O	E	R	S
H	E	M	N	A	P
P	E	A	E	R	R
O	W	N	R	I	O
T	E	D	G	A	Y

**BACK AND FORTH:** Not-Ton; Rat—Tar; Pan—Nap; Was—Saw.

**WORD DIAMOND:**

P	N	I	P
N	A	C	R
P	I	C	T
P	R	I	N
E	R	E	E

**BEHEADINGS:** Eastern, eastern, stern, term, era.

**PICTURE WORD SQUARE:**

P	E	A	R
E	A	S	E
A	S	P	S
R	E	S	T

## MAYFLOWER UNLOADS 'TREASURE'

Plymouth, Mass., June 14.

The crew of the Mayflower II today began unloading its cargo of 92 "treasure" chests. They include animal feed for President Eisenhower's Gettysburg farm.

The chests, weighing up to 500 pounds each, contained \$200,000 worth of items ranging from Mayflower II construction chips to snuff boxes.

The Mayflower, which tied up at a buoy after its arrival here yesterday, was moved about 100 yards to a dock for the cargo unloading. The job was expected to take two days.

#### PRESENTATION

The animal feed and an oil painting of the Mayflower II were consigned to the British Embassy in Washington for presentation to President Eisenhower as gifts from the British people.

Warwick Charlton, one of the British sponsors of the Mayflower's 34-day transatlantic voyage, carried off the boat a gold medal with a tiny watch inside for President Eisenhower. Charlton plans to give the medal to Vice-President Nixon when he visits the Mayflower here on June 22, for forwarding to the President. The Mayflower also bore a letter to the President from a wartime friend, British Gen. Sir Francis de Guindard.

#### STORES & SHOPS

Most of the cargo was destined for American department stores and shops. This merchandise included safety pins, toilet soaps, leather goods, briar pipes, tea, liquor and wearing apparel.

Chips of woods from the Mayflower's construction will be sold as souvenirs by a Boston department store.

Also in the hold were five plastic top labels, one of which will be presented to Massachusetts Gov. Foster Furcolo.—United Press.

Moscow, June 14. A big new atomic power station, with a capacity of 420,000 kilowatts in its first stage, is under construction in the Soviet Union, according to Tass, the Soviet news agency.—China Mail Special.

### SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"The sink is clogged and that tap won't turn off—shall I borrow the neighbours' canoe so you can see the last few innings?"

## LITTLE CHANGE IN COUNTY CRICKET TABLE

London, June 14.

There was little change in the County Championship table as the result of matches finishing today with neither Surrey nor Derbyshire, the leaders, engaged in championship games.

Essex inflicted a fourth successive defeat on Lancashire, who topped the table with maximum points after five games but have not gained a point since. Dickie Dodds (58) and Brian Taylor (51 not out) batted well to give Essex victory by seven wickets.

Middlesex, with a fine 110 run win over Hampshire at Lords, are now third; two points ahead of Lancashire, who are fourth. Denis Compton hit his highest score of the season—81 and followed this by taking three Hampshire wickets for 40, further underlining his value to Middlesex.

Northamptonshire, who beat Sussex by 142 runs at Hove today, were unfortunate in one of the closest fights for bonus points yesterday since the introduction of the system.

They were deprived of two points by 0.05 of a run per over, largely because of an innings of 20 in 12 minutes by Robin Marlar, the Sussex Captain, but hit back today getting 12 points to put them fifth.

Glamorgan routed Somerset in two days yesterday with Don Shepherd taking six for 20 in the first innings, and are now sixth.

Warwickshire, due to a fine by Fred Gardner, beat Gloucestershire, for whom Tom Gravney scored 100 and not out, and then shared seventh place with Essex with Yorkshire ninth.

#### DISPOSED

Yorkshire disposed of Nottinghamshire in two days at Bradford yesterday when Freddie Truman took five for 30 and Brian Close, his Test colleague, three for 17.

Leicester failed narrowly to beat Kent, with whom they now share bottom place along with Nottinghamshire and Worcestershire.

Jimmy Allan, the Kent slow left-arm bowler, was no-balled once and Charles Palmer, the Leicestershire Captain, twice for bowling with more than five fieldsmen on the leg side today.

It was the first case of bowlers being called since the experimental rule limiting outside fieldsmen was introduced at the start of the season.

## APPEAL TO SUSPEND TESTS

Carlisle, June 14. The Bishop of Carlisle Dr Thomas Bloomer appealed today to British statesmen to give a lead towards world peace by suspending further hydrogen bomb tests.

Dr Bloomer was giving his presidential address to the Carlisle diocesan conference. He said: "This is an hour when Britain could manifest greatness of character by an immediate suspension of further hydrogen bomb tests in an attempt to lift the whole issue of peace above the level of competitive armaments and material might into the realm of righteousness, justice and moral responsibility."

"If this is to be attempted there is an immediate need for three things to foster mutual trust and confidence. The suspension through agreement of further nuclear bomb tests, the reduction of military force in all countries, acceptance by the nations of the principle of inspection of armaments."

"Is there a statesman in Britain adequate in moral stature for such a time as this?"—China Mail Special.

### DARTWORDS SOLUTION

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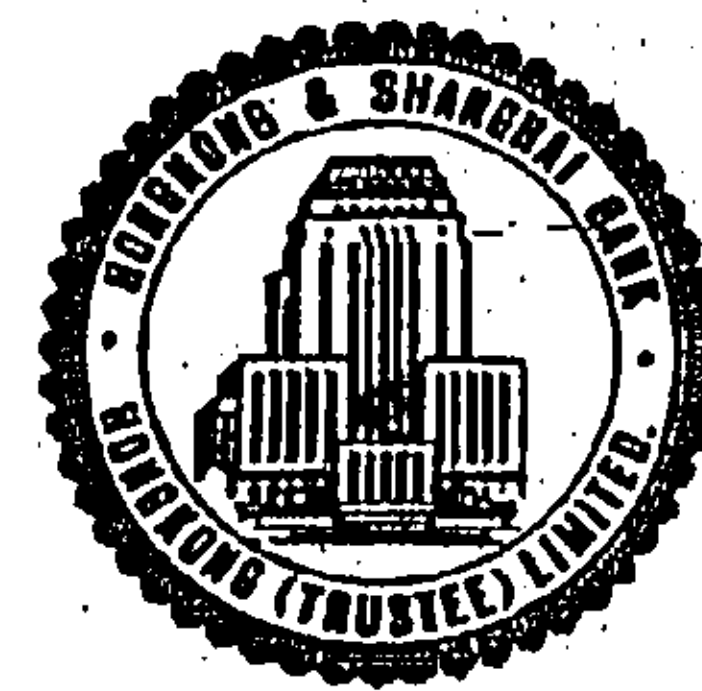
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#### NOTICE

**SAINT DAVID'S SOCIETY OF HONG KONG**

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the St. David's Society of Hong Kong will be held at the Hong Kong Cricket Club at 6.45 p.m. on Monday, June 17th, when the presence of all members is specially requested.

A very cordial invitation to the Meeting is extended by the President and Committee to all residents of and visitors to Hong Kong who have associations in any way with Wales.

Refreshments will be available during the Meeting.

#### CHURCH NOTICE

**THE ORTHODOX CHURCH**  
The Vicar: Rev. Father Iliu Wen. St. Andrew's Church Hall, Nathan Road, Kowloon.  
Saturday, 15 June: 6 p.m. Vespers.  
Sunday, 16 June: 8 a.m. Liturgy.  
Monday, 17 June: — Liturgy.  
Tuesday, 18 June: — Liturgy.  
Wednesday, 19 June: 6 p.m. Vespers.

#### CHURCH NOTICE

**ST. PETER'S CHURCH**  
The Mission to Seamen, 40 Gloucester Road, Tel. 7421.  
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion. 10.00 a.m. Morning Prayer. (Other services arranged at any time by request.)

### THE MUSIC SOCIETY OF HONG KONG ANNOUNCES

**RUGGIERO RICCI 8.30 p.m. TONIGHT HOUSE FULL**

Please be in your seats on time

#### NOTICE

#### FAR EASTERN FREIGHT CONFERENCE

FAR EAST/GULF OF ADEN AND RED SEA PORTS CONFERENCE

SURCHARGE ON RATES OF FREIGHT FROM SHANGHAI AND NORTH CHINA TARIFF AREA AND FROM THE HONG KONG TARIFF AREA

The Conference Lines announce withdrawal of the 5% net surcharge which has recently applied to the Tariff Base rates of Freight.

The change affects cargo shipped by vessels which have not completed their loading at the port of shipment concerned by midnight on 14th June and by vessels which begin loading at the port concerned on or after 15th June, 1957, also cargo covered by Through Bills of Lading from Out-ports dated 15th June onwards.

The Lines retain the right to reintroduce a surcharge in the event of any unfavourable developments affecting the Suez route.

American President Lines, Ltd., Ben Line Steamers Ltd., Cie. Maritime des Chargeurs Reunis, China Mutual Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., Ellerman & Bucknall Steamship Co., Ltd., Glen Line Ltd., (Glen & Shire Joint Service), Hamburg-Amerika Linie, Holland-Oost-Asie Lijn, Lloyd Triestino, S.P.A.N., Cie. des Messageries Maritimes, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Norddeutscher Lloyd, Ocean Steam Ship Co., Ltd., Osaka Shosen Kaisha, A/S Det Ostasiatiska Kompagni (East Asiatic Co., Ltd.), Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Co., A/B Svenska Ostasiatiska Kompaniet (Swedish East Asia Co., Ltd.), With. Wilhelmson.

## CHINA MAIL

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#### DEATH

GRINHAM—William Alick, General Manager South China Morning Post Ltd. at St. Paul's Hospital this morning. 15th June, 1957, after long illness. Funeral service at St. John's Cathedral 4.30 p.m. Sunday, June 16th, cottage will pass the Monument 5 p.m. Donations to N.H.S. Society for the Protection of Children in lieu of flowers.

#### PREMISES TO LET

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#### TUITION GIVEN

CHINA-CHINA, Rock N' Roll taught in one lesson. HK\$ only. 12 noon-3 p.m. Mr. Sumchow, 27 Gloucester House, Kowloon.

#### CHURCH NOTICE

**ST. PETER'S CHURCH**  
The Mission to Seamen, 40 Gloucester Road, Tel. 7421.  
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion. 10.00 a.m. Morning Prayer. (Other services arranged at any time by request.)

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